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THE disadvantage of making an idol of even your best institutions is that when an authoritative criticism is made the shock is so great as to throw the worshippers right off their balance. For a private citizen to have said one-half as much about the police as Lord Trenchard would have been to incur charges amounting to blasphemy and high treason. As it is impossible to doubt Lord Trenchard's right to speak, the danger is that the public and the Government will fly to the opposite extreme and then, instead of sensibly considering what reorganisation is wanted in a century-old institution, hasten to carry through panic measures of a very dangerous and undesirable kind. Already the Die-hards are seizing on his to our mind mistaken, criticisms of the Police Federation, and screaming in large black letter-press about "mischief-makers" fomenting sedition and undermining our Imperial foundations.

The Police Federation

What does Lord Trenchard's criticism of the Police Federation mean? He accuses it of "stimulating resistance to Government decisions." Now the Police Federation was deliberately set up as a statutory body by the Government when it prohibited policemen having an independent Trade Union of their own, such as existed during the years immediately after the war. Its work has been repeatedly praised by successive Home Secretaries. Lord Trenchard's notion is apparently to govern his constables by military methods, and to treat all organisation among them as sheer interception and disaffection. But policemen, like other people, have minds and even grievances, and claim, like other people, the right to express them. In another part of his report Lord Trenchard strongly urges the recruitment of more police from among those who have been to a secondary school, and the abandonment of the system, in force ever since 1929, of making promotions exclusively from below. It is, of course, desirable to improve standards of education in the police as well as of other people; but to narrow the chances of promotion will increase and not cure discontent. It would be disastrous to deprive the police force of its present popular character, and, by instituting class divisions within it, rob it of the confidence which working-class, as well as upper and middle-class, citizens do as a rule still feel disposed to place in its good-humoured way of performing its duties.

The New Trade Agreements

The trade agreements with Denmark and Germany have been rapidly followed up this week with a further agreemen with Argentina. An agreement with Sweden is to follow almost at once; and Finland is among the other countries with which negotiations are now going on. On the whole, the effect of the agreements made so far is to give our trade policy a slightly less illiberal turn; and accordingly strong protests are already being made

by those Protectionists who regard our high tariff not as an emergency measure due to world conditions, but as the first instalment of a millennium in which imports will be excluded altogether. Sir Austen Chamberlain joined Mr. Amery in protest against the German agreement; and stiff opposition is already being offered to the agreement with Argentina. On this issue we find ourselves on the Government's side. It has always been publicly stated that our tariff was to be regarded as an emergency measure and that we intended to take all possible chances of negotiating with foreign countries for the resumption of more free trading conditions. The back-bench Tories never meant this; and they are now loud in their wrath at Mr. Runciman for doing, even on a small scale, what he is undoubtedly pledged to do. The Argentine and Danish treaties secure a continuance of good relations with two countries connected with Great Britain by the closest commercial ties; and the former also promises to release a large amount of British money at present frozen in unrealisable *pesos*. We hope Mr. Runciman will stand up to his critics, and make these agreements only the first step towards a far more extensive modification of the obstacles in the way of international trade.

Mr. Gandhi's Fast

Mr. Gandhi's fast on behalf of the Untouchables last year was a magnificent success. It had a limited objective and achieved it. It was an extremely effective form of "moral bullying" used to coerce, not the British Government, but the caste Hindus whose prejudices stood in the way of accomplishing the most important social reform needed in India. His present announcement, that he will fast in order to purify himself, as well as other Hindus, for a period of twenty-one days is far less easy to understand or approve. Mr. Gandhi has already survived one such fast, but that was eight years ago and the medical evidence suggests that he is unlikely to live through the ordeal he has now set himself. The most probable explanation is that the Mahatma has discovered that some of the caste Hindus who had agreed to the abolition of Untouchability are not sincerely fulfilling their obligation. But, whatever the cause, we cannot help doubting his wisdom; we wish he had been persuaded by the very frank letters, which he has himself published, in which Mr. C. F. Andrews and the Pandit Malaviya endeavoured to persuade him of the unwisdom of fasting. As it is, there is nothing for people who do not know Mr. Gandhi's motives to do except to hope that he will be convinced of error, in which case he has promised to reprieve his own life. In our view, for reasons of expediency, the Government would be wise to release Mr. Gandhi unconditionally during his fast: his death in gaol would certainly have serious effects even though in his case the British Government would be blameless.

Mr. Churchill and Mr. Baldwin

Mr. Churchill's effort to split the Tory party on the Indian issue has far more than a party significance. We do not suppose that he really wishes to create another Ulster movement in India, but unless he wishes to be thought totally irresponsible, he should not suggest that "officials, civil and military," have only been carrying out the policy of the Government they serve, because "there appeared to be no resistance to it by the Conservative Party in Great Britain." The White Paper has, as we have urged, grave defects, the most vital of which is its failure to provide for progressive steps to wider emancipation in the future. Mr. Baldwin did not answer this criticism in his speech. But he stood on unassailable ground in urging that in so far as the White Paper does represent a constitutional step forward it is in accordance with the pledges of Great Britain as a nation, and that the Conservative party is just as pledged to that course as any other. The real question which confronts people who know India to-day, and who do not, like Mr. Churchill, still think of it as it used to be when a white man was a Sahib and an Indian a nigger, is whether it is possible to amend the proposed constitution in such a way as to make it acceptable to that moderate nationalism which still exists in India. At the moment, while the younger elements of Congress are still undecided about their course, there is a chance of goodwill in this settlement, and we are glad to see that some members of Congress are meeting to discuss the new constitution. The time is propitious, if only the Government of India can be persuaded to see it, for a change in the whole internal administration of India. Facts such as those given in a letter we publish to-day from Mr. Krishna Menon are known to everyone in India and to few in this country. They make a poor background for an appeal to Indians to believe in our word and to work a constitution which at best seems to them only the half of a stale loaf.

Hitches at Geneva

The Disarmament Conference has had another series of checks. Last week Mr. Norman Davis told the General Commission that the United States had not yet made up its mind on the question of co-operating in "security" arrangements. This was followed by some disturbing proposals by the German delegation, which after creating commotion in the Commission, were relegated to private discussions between Mr. Henderson, Herr Nadolny and Mr. Eden. Nothing satisfactory came of that, and eventually two decisions were taken in the Effectives Committee about the German armed forces. These were that the 38,000 trained men of the Prussian police force must be included in the effectives which the British Plan would allow to Germany, but that the Nazi auxiliary police should not be included. The first was carried by a majority of 12 to 3, with the U.S.A. voting in the minority, the second by 7 to 6, with Great Britain, as well as the U.S.A., in favour. For our own part, we agree with the French and other delegates, that it is absurd not to reckon these armed Brown Shirts as soldiers. Whether they would prove good soldiers in fighting against other soldiers instead of beating up civilians is another matter. But the Germans raised a storm over their 38,000 pukka policemen, and when it was thought they had been calmed by the discovery of a new formula, they promptly started fresh trouble on the subject of "standardised armies." Their attitude all along the line bodes ill for any really successful results from the Conference.

Japan and Russia

The dispute between Russia and Japan over the Chinese Eastern Railway has now reached a dangerous

point. Ostensibly it is the Government of Manchukuo which is responsible for the mischief, but Japan of course is pulling the puppet's strings. Diplomatic protests and explanations have done nothing to ease the tension; the Soviet Government's offer to sell its interest in the railway has been rejected; and it in turn has refused to agree to arbitration on the ownership of the rolling-stock which is in dispute. It is now expected that Manchukuo will dissolve the joint (Russo-Chinese) directorate of the C.E.R., and so appropriate the whole concern. That would clearly be a *casus belli*, and in ordinary circumstances war would follow. But the circumstances are not ordinary. Russia is desperately anxious, as she has been all along, to avoid fighting, and unless the Japanese are determined to the contrary a way out of the difficulty will be found. Meanwhile a Committee at Geneva is sitting to consider ways of bringing pressure upon Japan, who has been solemnly condemned for her aggression against China. How the British Government squares its share in this obligation to use economic sanctions against Japan with its present discussion of a new trading agreement with her we leave it to the sophists to explain.

Anglo-Russian Relations

The House of Lords is not generally at its happiest in discussing Russia, and in the debate last Tuesday a number of foolish things were, as usual, said from the Tory benches. Lord Mount Temple talked of " savages "; he harped on the Lena Goldfields dispute (in which, though we have a case, so also has Russia, as Lord Marley pointed out); and he suggested that if we must have trading relations with the Soviets, we should accord no diplomatic immunity to their delegation. Earl Stanhope, the Under-Secretary for War, was a little better than this. But why, after saying that H.M. Government did not anticipate any further molestation of British subjects now resident in Russia, should he then advise other British subjects desirous of going there to defer their visit? What does the Government really think or mean? Last week we were explicitly told that the embargo was being used solely for the purpose of getting Messrs. Thornton and Macdonald out of prison, and that as soon as they were freed it would be lifted. The sequel to that, in the view of all sensible people, should be a new trade agreement with the least possible delay. But Lord Stanhope now talks about the Government, after the embargo is off, " being in a position to consider further what action they should take." We sincerely hope that this cryptic utterance does not portend more experiments in Big Stick diplomacy.

Roosevelt and Congress

Mr. Roosevelt apparently means to send the United States Congress home as soon as he has extracted from it the powers required for his financial dictatorship. He has no desire that it should go on passing measures far more likely to embarrass him than to strengthen his hand. If, for example, Congress were sitting during the World Economic Conference there might be awkward complications over its attitude to tariffs and war debts; if it were allowed to pass its projected Bill for prohibiting all goods into which more than thirty hours of weekly individual labour has entered there would certainly be the most hopeless confusion. There is much to be said for the compulsory reduction of working hours, but nothing for it in this form. Yet the Bill passed the Senate; and it might be impossible to stop it if Congress remained in session. What is uncertain is whether Mr. Roosevelt, before he does send the legislators away, will demand of them powers to control not only currency and tariffs but also industry. In this last field he has still but little authority; but it is doubtful how far he can make his reflation schemes effective without interfering in industry as well as in finance upon a considerable scale.

Fascism: Portuguese Style

To launch a new political party in a country governed by a military Dictatorship, whose armed patrols cover the whole country twice in the twenty-four hours, with a strictly enforced censorship, calls not only for adroit manipulation, but also for friends in high places. Rolao Preto, who is said to bear a personal resemblance to Hitler, provided both these requisites. The manual workers have been won over by the choice of the Blue Shirt, the thunder of the Communists has been stolen by the adoption of the Red Flag, the blessing of the Church obtained by the superimposition of the White Cross, and the moneyed classes assured that National Syndicalism, as the new movement is called, will " erect a strong dam against Communism, Socialism, and other influences subversive of the present social order." Rolao Preto is a personal friend of Senhor Oliveira Salazar, the Prime Minister. He has promised the Government that should the call come to sweep away those who are plotting against the maintenance of order he can place at the disposal of the President 5,000 blue-shirted champions. As to what the real programme of the party is, that remains for the moment largely hidden beneath a sparkling crust of rhetoric. Senhor Jose de Almeida Carvalho, the editor of Preto's paper *Revoluçao*, has stated that National Syndicalism is

> A movement of opinions and ideas towards a more just and equitable social organisation. We aim at substituting the principle of liberty of work by a system of " harmony of direction " under which capital, technical knowledge, and labour will co-operate under the protective care of the State in the maximum productive return for the welfare of the Nation.

Which is very prettily put whichever way you care to look at it.

* * *

While the Portuguese Blue Shirt movement bears certain family resemblances to Italian Fascism and German Hitlerism, Senhor Carvalho was careful to point out that " whereas both those movements inculcate the worship of the ' Kaiser State,' National Syndicalism, based on the traditional Christianity of the Portuguese people, has worked out a formula which permits us to harmonise the sovereignty of the State with the moral dignity of free and spiritual entities." What the outcome of the movement may be, for the moment everything seems to go pleasantly. But what if the Syndicalists want Syndicalism? Like the Burghers of Hamlin, the Carmona cabinet has given permission to the Pied Piper to slay the rats of Communism. But if the children, too, are to be led off at his heels into the uncertain paths of National Syndicalism, the Piper may be sent to cool his heels across the sea, following the tracks of the old Navigators to Africa in that delectable colony where so many promising advocates of change in Portugal are eating out their hearts in exile.

HOPE AT LAST?

The Central Banks should by concerted action provide adequate expansion of credit, and every means should be used to get the credit thus created into circulation. Enterprises must be stimulated by creating conditions favourable to business recovery, and Governments can contribute by the development of appropriate programmes of capital expenditure.

THE words which we have set at the head of this article come, not from any expression of opinion by an academic economist or from any Opposition spokesman eager to make capital at the Government's expense, but from the statement issued jointly on behalf of President Roosevelt and Mr. MacDonald at the close of their conversations at Washington. Thus the two statesmen who of all the world are in the best position for giving a lead towards a new world economic policy have expressed themselves unequivocally in favour of an expansionist programme, such as we in this paper, in combination with all the more advanced economists in all countries, have been contending for a long time past. President Roosevelt and Mr. MacDonald have recognised that, while an expansionist monetary policy is indispensable for world recovery, monetary expansionism by itself is not enough, in that it is necessary not only to create additional means of payment, but also to get them into effective circulation. Moreover, they have realised and affirmed that, in order to do this, it is necessary to create conditions favourable to business recovery, and that that involves Government expenditure on public works, to be financed out of loans, in order to raise the level of demand, and thus give an impetus to the movement of business activity which the increased supply of credit will be available to finance. If President Roosevelt and Mr. MacDonald can be taken as meaning what they say, we are clearly on the eve of a momentous new policy in world economic affairs. The time of fatalism is over, and the season of human initiative is definitely beginning.

But do they mean what they say? That President Roosevelt does the large powers which he is demanding of Congress under the Farm Relief Bill, as well as the whole tone of his recent pronouncements on economic policy, appear decisively to show. But does Mr. MacDonald mean business too? Even while he was discussing at Washington this question of world reflation, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was introducing, in words which gave no sign of concession to the new policy, a Budget based on principles wholly inconsistent with those to which his leader was subscribing on the other side of the Atlantic. It has indeed been suggested that Mr. Chamberlain's Budget represented a provisional policy pending a definite issue to the Washington Conversations and the projected World Economic Conference; but it is in fact difficult, or even impossible, to reconcile this view with what Mr. Chamberlain actually said. The Chancellor firmly insisted that the Budget must be balanced in the orthodox way; he had no thought of sorting out of the national expenditure into transactions needing to be financed out of revenue and those which could reasonably be paid for with borrowed money. Mr. Chamberlain's Budget was purely orthodox, as orthodoxy is understood in the strictest financial circles. But we prefer to look beyond Mr. Chamberlain to the condition of British opinion as a whole, and to its probable reaction to the quite new lead that is now being offered it as a result of the Washington Conversations.

Broadly, the position is this. Since 1931 Great Britain has been following a policy of rigid "economy" in respect not only of expenditure financed out of taxes but also of public borrowing. There was a case for this policy—though never, we think, an adequate case—so long as Great Britain was faced with the real possibility of a flight from the pound, and had a clearly unfavourable balance of payments. It was possible to hold, while these conditions remained in being, that deflation was the right policy, however much it was bound to react on the volume of employment in this country. But, quite definitely, the conditions which existed in 1931 have ceased to exist to-day. There is no present danger of a flight from the pound, and the currency trouble is that our money may be overvalued rather than undervalued abroad. In these circumstances we have every reason to be ready to play an active part in a world policy designed to raise the level of commodity prices, to re-establish confidence, and to enlarge current spending; and our last vestige of fear at the possible perils of such a policy ought to disappear now that we are assured of the full collaboration of the United States.

France, no doubt, remains hesitant and even recalcitrant; and it is of great importance to carry the French along with us if we possibly can. But the evidence of the past few years shows plainly that world price levels are settled by forces, not in Paris, but in London and New York; and France's possible influence on world prosperity has been largely reduced by her withdrawal within her own tariff frontier in face of the world depression. If this is to be an initiative towards a bold policy of reflation, it must come from London and Washington rather than from anywhere on the continent of Europe; and if Great Britain and the United States give a courageous lead it is plain enough that France and other countries will be compelled to follow.

We do not, of course, suggest that reflation, even accompanied by large schemes of public loan expenditure, will suffice by themselves to bring about a world economic recovery, much less to assure its permanence. There are many questions besides that must be dealt with if the world's productive system is to be stimulated into adequate activity. Debts, including commercial debts as well as war debts, must be drastically scaled down. Tariffs must be heavily reduced, and barriers in the way of trade removed. There must be a resumption of foreign lending, at both long and short terms, and the uncertainty of the political outlook must be at least reduced by extended measures of international security. We are, however, disposed to regard all these other questions as secondary, in the sense that they are not less important, but far more likely to be tackled to good purpose when once an effective lead has been given towards a world expansion of credit, combined with guarantees that the increased supply of money will be put into active circulation with Government help.

Mr. MacDonald is thus committed to a sane policy. He must now convince his Cabinet colleagues, and his supporters in Parliament and in the country, of its sanity. To follow that policy involves for our Government, as well as for that of the United States, a radical departure from the methods adopted during

the past two years, and the acceptance of new methods involving, let us allow, considerable long-run risks unless the situation is sagaciously handled. It may very forcibly be argued that there is no real hope of recovery even on these lines, since there is in capitalism an inherent instability inevitably leading to fresh crises. Certainly any chance of capitalist recovery, or of avoiding an epoch of violence and general catastrophe, depends on the ability of capitalists to co-operate internationally in distributing the goods that they now produce so efficiently and waste so terribly. What the Washington statement amounts to is that an effort is to be made by the leaders of the great capitalist nations to show that the critics who say that they cannot co-operate, and must starve the world in the midst of plenty, are wrong. As Socialists what we have most to fear to-day is that the breakdown of capitalism we see going on around us will lead not to Socialism but to utter confusion and chaos. The Washington talks do, in our view, embody the one sane policy that is within the bounds of practicability to-day, and whether or no it becomes the accepted policy of the forthcoming World Economic Conference Mr. MacDonald can rely on the solid support of progressive opinion in this country if, in conjunction with the Government of the United States, he now proceeds seriously to try to put it into effect. But we must also emphasise, in conclusion, the warning that mere creation of additional bank money is useless; the vital thing is to create simultaneously the additional credits and, through decisive Government action in the field of public loan expenditure, the effective demand for their use and distribution through the whole buying public.

"ADOLF HITLER WILL GIVE YOU —— ?"

THE knock-out blow administered to the German Trade Unions on Tuesday comes as no surprise. It was known that it was only a question of time, and hopes that the submission of the Labour leaders might save their organisations were clearly doomed to disappointment. The coup was carried out with remarkable thoroughness, and it had been very prettily staged. The First of May demonstration on the previous day was the biggest thing of its kind that had ever been seen in Germany, and presented Herr Hitler in the special role of the champion and saviour of the working class. And a few hours later his lieutenants dotted his i's and crossed his t's in a flamboyant manifesto, proclaiming that "Adolf Hitler is your friend, Adolf Hitler is fighting for your freedom, Adolf Hitler will give you bread." It is not to be supposed, of course, that the great mass of the four million Trade Unionists are taken in by this rodomontade. But they are—for the time being, and probably for a long time to come—as effectively broken as the political parties of the Social Democrats and the Communists. The Nazis are now very nearly complete masters of the situation. Any resistance that might have come from the proletariat they nipped in the bud. Their bourgeois allies, the Nationalists and Junkers, who thought that Hitler, with his Brownshirts and his popular histrionics, was to be their catspaw, have been hopelessly duped. The Stahlhelm has been overcome with scarcely a struggle and merged in the Nazi forces. President von Hindenburg is no more than a rubber stamp of the Government. And the Government is a coalition only in name; its non-Nazi members are ciphers, and may disappear at any moment.

What is to be the next stage in this triumphant revolution? So far we have had nothing but destruction—the elimination of "Marxism," the hounding down of the Jews, the filching of the States' autonomy and the suppression of private rights. The technique has been at once simple and clever, combining terrorism with a pretence of constitutional forms, elaborate play-acting and appeals to mass emotion. The Terror has been ruthless and widespread, but it has been sufficiently concealed to deceive a great part of the nation into the belief that the outrages reported all over the world by newspaper correspondents and refugees are nothing but lies put about by Germany's enemies—Frenchmen, Poles, Bolsheviks or "international Jewry." The complete control of the press, as well as of the wireless, by the Nazi dictatorship has left the ordinary citizen without any means of knowing what is going on in the Brown Houses, in the concentration camps, or behind his neighbours' doors. And it has left him ignorant of, or pitiably misinformed about, the state of public opinion abroad. He sees the swift, bold strokes of Captain Göring. He is fed day by day on Hitler's oratory, dazzled with pictures of the glorious German past and promises of a still more glorious future. It is not surprising that he—especially if he is a young student, or a small shopkeeper, an impoverished professional man, or an unemployed worker—should be fired with enthusiasm. But enthusiasm cannot be indefinitely maintained on circuses. It needs bread; that Adolf Hitler knows. The question is whether Adolf Hitler knows how to fulfil his promise to give Germany bread. What, in plain words, is his constructive policy?

That question has been asked a thousand times, and no clear or adequate answer has yet been given to it. It was expected that his May Day speech would contain a definite programme. But in fact we heard little that was new, and nothing that looks like solving his economic problem. There were three prominent items—compulsory labour, public works schemes, and protection of the peasantry. The first of these appears to be mainly an experiment in social discipline. Every young German, says Herr Hitler, whether rich or poor, high born or low, must perform a period of manual labour service; this will demonstrate the dignity of labour, and help to destroy class prejudice and privilege. For that there is a great deal to be said, though a good many of the "high-born" young Germans may not find it altogether to their taste. But from the economic point of view it is pointless. Germany's most pressing trouble is not the idle rich or a contempt for honest work, but the huge army of unemployed poor and their inability to get work. And how far is that to be remedied by item two in the Hitler programme? It is the duty of everyone, he declares, to create work, but the only sort of work he specifies is house repairing and building. The Government also will set going schemes of public works, including road making. With these projects in themselves, again, we have no quarrel. But they are likely to cost a mint of money, which in present circumstances it may be difficult to find—even with, or perhaps because of, Dr. Schacht at the Ministry of Finance—and they are likely to provide employment for a good many less people than the more innocent and optimistic of the Nazis may suppose. Adolf Hitler's "bread," indeed, will turn out to be very small crumbs. As for item number three, it looks like worsening rather than bettering the situation. The present agricultural policy is economically fatuous. No doubt the German farmers, like farmers everywhere else, want higher prices for their corn and bacon and butter. But how much more can the German consumer stand? Already the cost of living hits him hard, and already the restriction of imports and the retaliatory measures taken by foreign countries have further depressed the German export trades. The motive behind this policy of cherishing the peasantry is primarily political. It is to strengthen the support of the countryside against the urban proletariat. Hitler believes, or pretends, that the peasantry have been the chief obstacle to the submerging of Germany by Communism; and he doubtless sees in their loyalty, if it can be secured, a shield against possible industrial discontent in the future. Added to this there is a military reason of which the Nazis make no secret; agricultural production must be fostered and in-

creased with a view to feeding the country in case of war. That is a reason which may appeal to the German peasant if he is the kind of German the Nazis want him to be. But if he has any intelligence, he may well ask himself how he is to be advantaged, or "put on a sound basis" as Hitler calls it, by a reduction of the purchasing power of the towns.

So far as we can judge, then, by present indications, the next stage of the revolution will be disappointment and not fulfilment. If that meant a reaction strong enough to overthrow the Fascist regime in Germany we should heartily desire it. But there is small chance of anything of the sort, and we can only hope that the unfortunate German people will suffer less from their Renaissance than we anticipate. In the meantime, while Herr Hitler and his friends terrorise and delude their own country, they are the gravest menace to others. Their foreign policy is not merely an assertion of the legitimate rights of Germany, an insistent demand for the equality which has been promised them and withheld from them. They are deliberately challenging the peace of Europe. They have whipped up militarism, and are stamping out pacifism, in Germany. They are not simply talking of re-armament; they are re-arming. They can say with perfect sincerity that they do not intend to attack Poland or France or anyone else—to-day or to-morrow. Of course they do not, for they are not ready. But they are making their preparations, and Germany's neighbours are in a state of alarm which is hardly realised in this country. The message to Europe, as they read it, is "Adolf Hitler will give you war." There is now, it would seem, very little chance of bringing the Hitler Government to an accommodation at Geneva, and we are faced with the dubious prospect of a disarmament convention which will permit the re-armament of Germany. We cannot prevent the re-armament of Germany except at a price which nobody is prepared to pay—and which, indeed, if it were paid, would only buy more mischief. All that we can do is to keep our heads; to trust that the martial fury in Germany will abate (there was something like it, it will be remembered, in the earlier days of Fascism in Italy); and to practise a wiser statesmanship than in the past. In that, we believe, Mussolini can play a decisive part. He has become, by a grim irony, the chief hope of peace.

A LONDON DIARY

I AM expecting patriotic murmurs against the advertisement which reads: "Danish Bacon, Important Broadcast." Actually, of course, the B.B.C. Talks deal with bacon in general and, when taken in conjunction with its agricultural talks, may be considered rather propaganda for home production than for an increase of imports. The advertisement represents therefore an intelligent and quite proper anticipation by the Danes of the general increase in the demand for bacon which may be expected to follow the B.B.C. Talks. The last set of cookery Talks—particularly those which dealt with ways of making the best of the cheaper cuts of meat—were extremely popular, and, since recipes are a bore on the microphone, a couple of amusingly illustrated Economical Cookery pamphlets have been issued to go with the talks. But the really interesting point which arises is the relationship between B.B.C. and Government policy. The B.B.C. is not, of course, supposed to have a policy in such matters, and no doubt tries to avoid having a policy. But if a series of Talks has the result of increasing the demand for some particular commodity, then—whether we or particular interests, or the Government like it or not—the B.B.C. is, in effect, successfully pursuing an agricultural policy. In this instance I doubt if it is calculated to please the Government; in view of his Danish agreement—which seems on the face of it a very sensible one—Major Elliot can scarcely be anxious for a sudden increase in pig production in this country.

Now that a selection of the best of Y.Y. is published in book form under the heading of *An Anthology of Essays* (Methuen, 7*s.* 6*d.*), I do not see why, as a fellow contributor, I should not say just how wonderful an essayist I think Y.Y. is. I have come across numbers of people who regard him as their spiritual and mental saviour, a sane companion in a world of mad guides. He does not tell them where to go or which guide to follow, but he makes any journey anywhere an entertaining and acceptable adventure. The other day I met a man who said he had left off reading Y.Y. because it was impossible for anybody to write every week for twenty years and not "go off." I told him that he was a fool, because with Y.Y. all things were possible. When next I met him he said, "By the way, you were quite right. I could not have believed it. But I've begun reading Lynd again and the devil is as fresh and delicious as ever." I think part of the secret of Lynd's success is that so far from being a dilettante person who makes a joke out of everything because he does not much mind about it, he is really, when roused, a passionate Irish rebel. (A Sinn Feiner told me not long ago that he first got his revolutionary enthusiasm from Lynd in his young days.) Which merely proves the truth of one of Y.Y.'s favourite doctrines that no man is any good who is incapable of getting drunk, that the only sort of moderation worth having is the capacity for excess held in restraint. And the best recipe for restraint is a pinch of salt.

* * *

The Old Vic is the best and most democratic thing in London. I know of nothing to equal one of its gala performances; the packed crowd (you can get in for 6*d.* or even 4½*d.*) gets every ounce of pleasure out of the performance and applauds, wonderfully enough, not as peripatetic West End audiences do, but with the nice discrimination of a dramatically educated public. That is Miss Bayliss's astonishing achievement. The best news I've heard for months is that the Old Vic is to have an even more remarkable season than usual next year. A number of well-known actors and actresses—Charles Laughton, Flora Robson, Basil Gill and Robert Donat are amongst the names mentioned—are eschewing the fleshpots of the fashionable theatre and the films and going to devote themselves, for a fraction of the salaries they can earn at the talkies, to the production of Shakespeare, Chekov and Molière at the Old Vic. I gather some of the credit for the arrangement belongs to Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, of the Festival Theatre, Cambridge, and the Westminster Theatre. I see, too, that he is to be the "adjudicator" at Welwyn Garden City Festival Week at Digswell Park, Welwyn, from May 15th–20th, when twenty-four amateur dramatic societies will compete under the auspices of the British Drama League and the Welwyn Drama Festival Committee. There are to be discussions on stage and film work in which Flora Robson, Anthony Asquith and Joseph Thorp, of *Punch*, have promised to take part. I'm told that it is still possible to get in by writing to the Hon. Organising Secretary, Howards Gate, Welwyn Garden City.

* * *

No other animals at the Zoo are housed in surroundings comparable with the new palace now given to Mok and Moina, the two young gorillas. As I watched them last Sunday splashing each other with water like a couple of children on the seashore, I suddenly understood why we are taking such special care to put them into a really beautifully designed and spacious building. The truth is that they are so very like children, so human that we have a guilty conscience about imprisoning them at all. I do not mean that they are unhappy in captivity; indeed they obviously enjoy themselves. But we do not insist that the wolves and hyenas and badgers and small cats should be taken out of their slums and rehoused. Gorillas remind us all the time that they are our cousins, and so we show special concern on their behalf, just as members of the House of Lords periodically remember that they have cousins in the slums, and we get a slum-clearance agitation.

"Sport," says Sir Edwin Stockton, "runs very close with religion, and let us thank God for it, and let us keep it so." That, at least, is a simple explanation—or way of avoiding an explanation—of a phenomenon which seemed to me, listening-in to the Cup Final, to need a great deal of explanation. "Abide with me" came very oddly after "Tipperary," and the other usual songs and the yells as the teams came out exploded amazingly after the last verse, "Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes."

* * *

But I must start going to Cup Finals. All sorts of things seem to need explanation. I quote from the *Star*:

> Cowan tossed the coin for the latter (Manchester City), and Dixie Dean called right, electing to face the sun while it was still overhead . . . By now all the players were normal, and free kicks were more frequent than in most Cup Finals.

* * *

At the annual dinner of the 52nd (Lowland) Division Dining Club, Major-General Sir W. J. Maxwell Scott said that

> Before 1914 they had a prospective enemy, and to-day they were handicapped by having no prospective enemy. As far as he could see the only enemies they had were those who were living in the neighbourhood of Geneva. In those days their units were full and they had a waiting list. To-day, he was sorry to say, they were 1,900 men below establishment. Eighteen months ago they were 1,000 more than to-day. That was mainly due to the fact that last year there were no camps. *It was not a good thing for a pack to have no hunting for a whole season.*

* * *

> I then met Mr. Arthur Eliot, who told me that the opening of the London season cannot be held up for the big Mayfair rat-hunt, which will not now take place for about a fortnight. So the Royal Academy and the Opera will win, after all, on May 1.—Daily paper.

* * *

> The Royal Family are not only the best-loved but the hardest-working family in the world. And they grace the next three months with their birthdays. . . . Let's write it again: the Prince of Wales. Cut the fulsome blurbs and the garrulous guff: what would London be without him?—Carrot grown by Mr. Gordon Beckles and exhibited in *Daily Express*, May 1st.

* * *

> The Railway Bill has now virtually passed the Dail. . . . One remarkable feature has been the appalling apathy of the religious institutions. They are very large holders of all denominations of stock and yet they have remained comparatively silent and inert. In the meantime traffics continue to decline.—Sunday paper.

* * *

> The use of gases and chemicals in warfare is not merely deplorable; it is disgusting, and deserves the censure of the whole world. To poison your enemy is surely murder. To shoot him is clean fighting, and every man who is a man loves a good, clean fight.—Letter in *Yorkshire Evening Post*, signed by a woman.

* * *

> Our working classes, who, from the very nature of the case, can have no knowledge of the working of economic laws.—Mr. W. W. Paine in the *Times*, April 28th.

CRITIC

ESCAPE

WHEN the sky is black and the prospect so threatening that not even the eye of a Welsh orator could discern a faint hint of sunrise among the mists on the mountains it behoves the lover of a peaceful life to take every possible step to preserve his equanimity. The best way to do this is to retire into philosophy, to remind oneself that to a truly good and just man no evil can happen, to become a truly good and just man, and to persuade all one's friends and relations to become truly good and just men and women. This, however, is rather difficult. We who seem destined to play the part of the weaker brethren till the last fall of the curtain find it easy enough to acquiesce in the lofty generalisations of the philosophers, but we cannot imitate the bearing philosophic. If the heavens fell in universal ruin we certainly should not remain impavid under the shock. We should feel that something genuinely evil was happening to us, and we should make a song about it.

Even for us, however, there are all sorts of byways of escape from the world's troubles. The majority of men find an excellent byway in sport. Critics of the craze for sport are sometimes horrified to notice at a time of international crisis that a large number of the people they meet are most keenly interested not in the international crisis but in the condition of an eminent cricketer's sprained finger. "Europe is arming," cry the pacifists. The cricket-lover is undisturbed. What he wants to know about is the future of leg-theory bowling. England was undoubtedly deeply moved this spring by the trial of the six English engineers in Moscow, but there were thousands of their fellow-countrymen who temporarily forgot all about them on Saturday afternoons: the questions uppermost in their minds were: "Will Tottenham Hotspur gain promotion to the first division of the League? Will West Ham be relegated?" and a dozen questions of the same order. Consider how many tens of thousands of Englishmen every day find a way of escape from the almost insoluble problems of life in following the fortunes of a horse that most of them have never seen. They turn from the columns in the newspapers about Hitler to read every scrap they can discover about Hyperion, the latest favourite for the Derby. One authority tells them that Hyperion has four white feet and that no satisfactory horse has ever had four white feet: they ponder over this far more seriously than they ever pondered over the arguments for and against the embargo on Russian trade. They read also, however, that Hyperion is beautifully bred, by Gainsborough out of Selene; and they store this fact in their memory as though it had come in a message from Delphi. On the other hand, Hyperion is a small horse, scarcely larger than a pony, and in the Derby a "good big 'un" usually beats a "good little 'un": that is another thing that must be taken seriously into consideration by a man who is fanatically eager to turn half-a-crown into several half-crowns. Against the argument from size, however, must be placed the general impression that the three-year-old colts this season are much below the average, so that the "good little 'un" may have an outstanding chance. It will be seen that the betting man will have plenty to think about during the coming month. Betting does not imply a flight from thought; it implies rather an escape from ineffective thought into thought which has at least a chance of being effective. A man may be a pessimist about statesmen; but, when he takes to betting, he becomes an optimist about horses. For a time, at least. When he becomes a pessimist about horses as well as about statesmen he ceases to bet and finds some other means of forgetting the condition of Europe.

There are people who believe that the condition of Europe would become vastly and speedily improved if men abandoned all their frivolous interests and puritanised themselves into whole-time serious thinkers. I confess to finding much that is attractive in this theory. I like to imagine a world populated by grave philosophers, indifferent to food and drink and all the vulgar sources of pleasure, and devoted to the public good. I doubt, however, whether in practice indifference to pleasure makes for wisdom in politics. I do not think that history encourages us to entrust our destinies to the hands of abstinent men. It may be that a man who has become a tyrant to himself is apt to become a tyrant to other people. I may be under an illusion, but I seem to have read about a large proportion of dictators that they were lifelong teetotallers and non-smokers. Is not Hitler a notable scorner of vulgar pleasures, and has he not signalised his accession to power by widespread interference with the pleasures of other people? It is true that it must be pleasanter to live under a Hitler than under a Nero; but the point I wish to emphasise is that in a public man excessive abstinence from pleasure has its dangers as well as excessive indulgence in pleasure. Theoretically, I am in favour of non-smoking and water-drinking; but in practice I tremble at the thought of being governed by non-smokers and water-drinkers. They take to doctrine instead of drink; and in politics drink works less havoc than the doctrine of the doctrinaire. Teetotalism seems to make for extremism in political leaders. Fanatical teetotallers concentrate

their thoughts too much on the condition of the world, and believe that everything will be well—or at least better—if everybody is compelled to be like themselves. I respect the nobility of their character, but why can they not make allowance for the weakness of mine?

It seems to me arguable that ordinary human beings cannot bear the strain of perpetual seriousness, and that therefore they do well occasionally to cease thinking about high matters, and to escape into pursuits called petty and frivolous. That is why I like, in the morning, to read the more trivial letters in the newspapers. How delightful to find that everybody is not spending all his time cursing Stalin or Hitler, denouncing the Government policy in India or the duty on heavy oils, discussing international copyright or the trade agreement with the Argentine, foretelling wars or the collapse of civilisation! How pleasant it is to learn from a brief letter that a London gentleman, standing the other morning with a policeman under the sword of Damocles, heard a nightingale singing in Portman Square! Or believes that he heard it; for I am a sceptic about other people's experiences of rareties. Still, one likes to know that for one human being this, and not what the Swede intends or what the French, is the event of the hour most worth writing about to a newspaper. In the same newspaper we find an honoured journalist and politician writing to announce, not a discovery of a cure for economic low blood pressure, but the fact that this year for the first time two pairs of cormorants have nested on the rock island in the water in St. James's Park. Another correspondent writes to tell how the inhabitants of Brockley pronounce the name of Avignon Road. That, in the middle of the world crisis, seems to me to show a perfect sense of proportion. In the same column we get an anecdote about a child and a drumming woodpecker, a warm reply to an indictment of "the danger of gorse," a defence of the saxophone, a plea for Saturday performances at Covent Garden, and a note on the centenary of the omnibus.

As one reads these letters, one realises that the world is fairly sane after all, that the normal human being is interested in a hundred things besides politics, and one temporarily forgets these desperate political knots which one can do nothing to untie. I am not suggesting that politics are not supremely important. I should myself have a greater respect for a man who could solve the political problems of the hour even than for a man who discovered a nightingale in Portman Square. But I would rather think about nightingales in Portman Square than about, say, Manchukuo. When I think about Manchukuo, I feel only—in so far as I feel anything at all—the helplessness of hopelessness. When I think about nightingales in Portman Square, I feel that, whatever the Japanese may be doing, the world is an excellent temporary residence. If this is a base flight from thought, then I must plead guilty to it. If I spent all day thinking about Hitler and Manchukuo and Danish imports I should become perfectly miserable. It is only things like nightingales and buses and saxophones and the pronunciation of the names of streets that enable me to preserve such reason as Nature endowed me with.

Y.Y.

THE ANATOMY OF BROADCASTING

[In this article Mr. Robert Byron gives expression to a number of criticisms of the B.B.C. which are not often precisely formulated. We intend to publish other criticisms and a reply to Mr. Byron.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

WHEN it is asserted that the high standard of English broadcasting is the envy of the world, it should also be remembered that such a standard entails a proportionate responsibility. Those foreign programmes which are interrupted every five minutes to proclaim the merits of somebody's furniture and somebody else's restaurant can hardly be taken seriously, even by the sub-conscious mind, as a cultural influence. The British Broadcasting Corporation, on the other hand, deliberately sets out to exert such an influence, and the British public is generally agreed that it is right in so doing. But once this principle has been established, few people seem to bother as to how the responsibility assumed is actually carried out. Thus the question arises as to whether the influence exerted is good and, if so, whether, in view of the enormous revenue enjoyed by the B.B.C., it might not be better.

The extent of the B.B.C.'s responsibility can, perhaps, be most easily envisaged by supposing that when printing was first invented it had become the monopoly of governments. No other analogy can convey a sense of the potential power which attaches to broadcasting. Some governments might have delivered the new invention to private enterprise; others to an independent body of liberal-minded persons; and others, again, to the sole use of ideological propaganda. These categories, in the sphere of broadcasting, represent the actions of the American, the British, and the Russian Governments respectively. We have no doubt that the policy of the British Government is the proper one. But we are entitled to ask whether the chosen body and its subordinates are exercising their functions in a liberal way and whether, indeed, they are persons capable of exercising them in accordance with the needs of the general population.

It may be stated as an axiom that cultural influence, to be effective, must be exercised through the medium of, and not in spite of, entertainment value. No influence on morals and manners has been more potent in the first three decades of this century than that of Mr. Bernard Shaw. But that influence has derived its strength not from the intrinsic virtues of Mr. Shaw's philosophy but rather from his ability to clothe that philosophy in a literary form which entertains those confronted with it. The same may be said of Voltaire, Plato, and even the Evangelists.

This axiom, it is evident, the B.B.C. does not recognise, a fact which, though sufficiently obvious from the programmes themselves, is confirmed by inquiry among those acquainted with the inside policy of Broadcasting House. The directors of that policy appear to reason thus: The British public must be uplifted. At the same time it does not like being uplifted (who does?). Therefore it must be bribed. The bribing must be done with music and variety whose cultural standard is important only in so far as it renders the bribe acceptable to the greatest number of listeners. Entertainment of this kind, to be a bribe at all, must occupy the greater part of the programmes and is combined, of course, in its munerary capacity, with the various news services. Then, the bribe having been accepted, uplift in the form of talks of an instructional or topical character, of debates, plays, readings, criticism and religious services, must be sandwiched in at intervals, in the pious hope that listeners will be too lazy to leave their chairs and switch their receivers on to something else. In pursuing a policy of this kind the B.B.C. caters, as it thinks, for the average man, and acts on the assumption that the average man is a creature of negligible intelligence and deplorable taste whose cultural improvement can only be realised by means of what is, undisguisedly, a species of cultural medicine. Hence the disaster results that whereas the most people are in fact anxious for cultural improvement they are deterred from accepting it in the didactic and disjointed form in which it is offered them. If the aim of the B.B.C. is right its method is wrong. And it may reasonably be suggested that the blame for that method should be laid on the intellectual impotence and psychological blindness of those who direct the Corporation's policy.

The root of the trouble can be traced to that unwholesome fiction, the average man, or, to put it more accurately, the average listener. Such a phenomenon may come handy to cartoonists such as Strube, and to those humorous journals which retail the adventures of suburban householders. In relation to cultural influence he does not and cannot exist—the intimacies of the mind are too various. The result is that

programmes which seek, by adapting themselves to the mental level of this imaginary phantom, to satisfy all tastes, succeed actually in satisfying no taste at all. The listening public, so far as the existing indications show, is not definitely antagonistic to the present programmes. Its attitude is one of lethargic or resigned acquiescence. Such an attitude must necessarily preclude cultural stimulus on a large scale. Yet it is undoubtedly this stimulus which the B.B.C., in the eyes of the Government and the public, exists to provide, and which alone can justify the expenditure of so large a revenue as that which accrues to it from wireless licences.

Once, however, the fiction of the average listener has been disposed of, it is plain that the inadequacy of our present broadcasting services is due not only to the nature of the items relayed, but also to the manner of their arrangement and to the relation between them. Even supposing, for purposes of argument, that, taken as an aggregate, they were perfectly suited to the heightening of cultural values through the medium of entertainment, the extraordinary lack of co-ordination between them and between the programmes which embody them would prevent the fulfilment of this purpose. This defect is due partly to the lack of a co-ordinating intelligence at the head of the Corporation and partly to a system of regional autonomy which any such intelligence would immediately abolish.

The regional system of broadcasting grew up first as a means of obtaining revenue from local patriots, and secondly as an engineering scheme which would enable owners of the cheaper and weaker receiving sets to obtain full volume. Since the system was initiated these considerations have become invalid, or it has at least been shown that in five years' time they will have become so. So large is the B.B.C.'s income that the susceptibilities of those who prefer a bad local programme to a good one from elsewhere can now be disregarded, while almost all receiving sets now manufactured are within range of the main English and Scottish transmitting stations. The regional system has consequently become an anachronism which permits the dissemination of two to four programmes throughout the country whose general character and arrangement are identical, and which do not, except by accident, serve even the obvious purpose of enabling the discontented listener to exchange an item of the programme he happens to be listening to for one of a contrasting nature in another programme. The London National and London Regional programmes were originally designed to eliminate this redundant overlapping. But it is admitted, even in Broadcasting House, that this design has now been lost sight of. And regular listeners will certainly agree that the lack of co-ordination between programmes, with the object of providing alternatives, has increased rather than diminished during the last three years. We now, for example, have three separate children's hours at a quarter past five every afternoon.

The remedy for this unjustifiable waste of power, talent and wavelength is one which might, if properly applied, alter the whole character of English broadcasting and enable it to fulfil, with some degree of success, the high functions that have devolved on it. Each of the four or more chief transmitting stations should be reserved for a particular kind of programme designed to appeal to a particular kind of mind or mood, so that the listener, on capturing a certain wavelength, might be reasonably sure of finding the mental stimulus of which he happens to be in need. How the programmes might be divided is a question which requires much thought. The first might contain only items which have a definite entertainment value and which, at the same time, are calculated to appeal to persons of taste and education without becoming obscure or highbrow. The second might be entirely educational and informative, to be shared between children in the day and adults in the evening. The third might cater for those who are either incapable or undesirous of being stirred to mental activity, and who use the wireless mainly as a soporific; this would include such items as the excellent variety broadcasts at present in vogue. Finally, the fourth might be devoted to specialised and technical interests, such as sport, agriculture and mechanics—to name three at random. As already happens, any item of particular interest or excellence might be relayed on more than one programme at the same time.

The advantage of this arrangement over that now in force would be twofold. In the first place it would engender a more lively interest and a greater affection for broadcasting, thus enabling the Corporation to make its influence more widely felt. And in the second place it would transform the nature of that influence from the negative to the positive. For each programme would have its own director, who would be able to express, within the limits of that programme, the individual genius proper to a C. B. Cochran or a headmaster of Eton, while in charge of all would be found that co-ordinating intelligence which would control the relation between the programmes of its four subordinates. It is above all an intelligence of this kind which the Corporation lacks, and without which its productions must remain the salad of uplift, nonsense, and something occasionally good that they now are.

ROBERT BYRON

THE "NATIONAL" MARK

An International Government naturally thinks last of its own country, its interests and manners . . . Mr. MacDonald requires the stimulus of foreign huzzas to feed his vanity.—A.A.B. in the "*Evening Standard.*"

WHILE some our "National Government" applaud,
Others condemn it as a conscious fraud,
Brought into power to play the Tory game
With stolen votes, under a specious name,
And doomed to shield reaction from attack
Beneath the cover of the Union Jack.
Yet to its worst offence we all were blind,
Till A.A.B. so trenchantly defined
The dangers of its international mind,
Which barters all that Britons hold as dear
For the base triumph of an alien cheer.
Thrilled by this opening, I read on to see
What a true National Government should be,
With this result: it ought, I find, to steer
A lonely course, from all world-currents clear.
Concerning peace, and armaments and trade
No bargains or agreements should be made;
For these imply the right of foreign Powers
To rank their interests on a par with ours;
And foreign nations are not Britain's care—
Better, in fact, pretend they are not there;
Mind our own business (tariffs) and ignore
Such questions as the Polish Corridor,
War debts, and gold, and economic laws,
And all reactions of effect and cause.
A National Government, in short, should scout
All seeds of war—until the war breaks out;
Promote our trade, in some mysterious way,
By leaving customers no chance to pay;
In Beaverbrook's Crusade all wisdom see,
And mould its manners upon A.A.B.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

THE CONDITION OF INDIA

SIR,—You say that "India is for the moment comparatively quiescent." I notice that over fifteen hundred Indians, men and women, were arrested on the routes from different parts of India to Calcutta, and in the city itself, during the same week as the White Paper was published. It is true that in the background of the India of recent years there is nothing abnormal or staggering either in the number or manner of these arrests. They have now become part of the normal mechanism of government in India.

In 1932 nearly a hundred thousand persons were sent to prison

in India for political reasons. The number includes men, women and children. The Ordinances and the Indian Penal Code, which latter a British administrator, many years ago, called "Britain's grim gift to India," rendered all these arrests, "trials" and imprisonments legal enough. They make even the detention in prison camps of several thousands of young men and some women without trial, and without statement of charges, under heavy armed guard, also legal. In Germany we should call them Concentration Camps.

The Ordinances, and now law, make executive power and caprice legal. Let me quote a clause of the Indian Emergency Powers Ordinance. Clause 3, Chapter II says:

> Any officer of Government authorised in this behalf *by general* or special order of the Local Government may, if satisfied that there are *reasonable grounds for believing* that any person has acted, is acting, *or is about to act*, in a manner prejudicial to public safety or peace, arrest such person *without warrant*, and may, in so doing, *use any means that may be necessary*. (Italics mine.)

The view of a British Chief Justice on the Ordinances expressed in a press case judgment last year should convince even those who find it difficult to accept an Indian's view. The Chief Justice of Bombay said:—

> It comes to this, there is no check on the Government as to the persons they may regard as suspects, that orders may be passed affecting drastically the conduct of such persons, that heavy punishments may be imposed for the breach of any such order, and that the right of appeal or application in revision normally enjoyed by such persons is largely curtailed.

Once charged and convicted under these Ordinances the persons sentenced become common criminals for the purposes of jail treatment. The Government of India does not recognise a category of "political prisoners." Under an Order of the 28th May, 1930, prisoners are classified as A, B and C. A Class are usually accommodated separately and permitted to wear their own clothes and obtain food of their choice from outside. B Class must wear prison clothes, but may supplement jail food within limits. They are also housed better than C Class. The tasks allotted to these two classes must also conform to the habits of life of the prisoner in question.

The majority of the Indian civil disobedience prisoners, men and women, are in Class C. The Home member of the Government of India stated on the 30th April last year that out of 32,516 persons then in prison 196 were in Class A, 1,586 in Class B, and the remainder in Class C. The classification is arbitrary. Often a man is in Class B, while his brother or wife is in Class C. Courts-magistrate's courts, so closely allied to the police machine, decide this classification. Even where courts have awarded a sentence the Executive, which means the police, has reduced the class given to a lower one.

The treatment of Class C under the jail rules is the same as that of the common criminal. In actual fact it is worse owing to the vindictive policy adopted towards politicals. A confidential circular issued by the Inspector-General of Prisons in Madras (328/c, dated 30th June, 1932), a copy of which we obtained while the India League delegation was in India, throws light on the Government's prison policy. Referring to civil disobedience prisoners it says: "*This Class requires to be kept in their place and dealt with grimly.*" (Italics mine.)

C Class prisoners are housed in association barracks. The one I saw accommodated sixty or seventy. The men were shut in for about twelve hours and the lavatory accommodation for the whole number was inside the barrack itself and partitioned off by a low wall only. Even B Class prisoners who are also shut in for twelve to thirteen hours have their lavatory buckets inside their cells all that time.

From all the reports that we received, and from what we saw, the food that is given to the prisoners is bad, dirty and quite unfit for human consumption. Many ex-political prisoners suffer from illness due to bad food and conditions in the jails.

C Class prisoners sleep on earth or stone platforms about eight inches high on which a "mat" is spread. The "mat" is made of *coir* like our doormats, and according to the jail manuals each mat should last for five years. Indian prisoners are not allowed sheets or pillows, but may roll up the top part of a mat as a pillow. One towel is given to each prisoner and he may be allowed another one not oftener than once in nine months.

The majority of C Class prisoners are sentenced to "rigorous imprisonment," which corresponds to hard labour in this country. According to the jail manuals the tasks include picking oakum, quarrying, road-making, hauling loads, water raising, breaking stones and grinding grain. The worst form of prison labour, however, is the oil mill. Political prisoners, and some of them frail in body, are put to this form of entirely inhuman labour. The rules allow an eleven-hour day in winter and a nine-hour day in summer. In practice, the prisoners are made to work the whole daytime without rest.

Hem Chandra Rassler, an ex-prisoner, told us in Dacca that he worked on the oil mill for ten or eleven hours per day. He was given a few minutes in which to eat his midday meal at about eleven o'clock while still on the mill. He was not allowed to wash or rest. He also told us that he had seen two young politicals beaten while still on the mill by convict warders, as a result of which they fainted.

The testimony of Mr. Pir Buksh, a Mohammedan member of the Frontier Province Legislature, given in a speech in the Council, may be quoted. He said:—

> Like prisoners convicted of moral offences they (politicals) are also made to work the oil press and the grinding mill. One day I was sitting in my room in the jail. A prisoner came running to me and said that Pir Shamshed, Kabir Mahamud Jalebi and Gulam Mahumad, who are all educated men (the latter has studied up to the Intermediate and is also a municipal commissioner), were lying unconscious in a cell. . . . . I saw a most heartrending scene in that cell. In that dark place I saw three educated men harnessed like bullocks to the oil press lying unconscious.

Mr. Hari Singh, an ex-prisoner from Barelly Jail, stated that—

> "in oil mills prisoners were made to run like bullocks. They had to eat while doing their work."

If this is the nature of "work," punishment is even more mediaeval. Of the tale of illegal beatings, *lathi* charges inside the prison, of insults, the "fall-in parade" and terrorisation of youths by hardened criminals I do not propose to write now. What is enjoined and permitted by the jail manuals is enough to illustrate the character of Indian prison administration and the sufferings of political offenders.

Jail punishments include bar, chain, link and cross bar fetters, the solitary cell, penal rice, handcuffs at night, the standing handcuff and flogging. More cruel and mediaeval than all is the gunny shirt, the British-Indian equivalent of a hair shirt of the days of the Inquisition. Prisoners are made to wear coarse gunny cloth shirts while working under the Indian sun on very hard tasks. The standing handcuff was described to us as permitting only the forepart of the feet to touch the ground while the up-stretched hands of the prisoner were in irons and fastened to a post, wall or tree.

Overcrowding in jails has led to worse provision of food and clothing. Tattered garments, discarded as unfit, are pressed into service. We heard of a Bengal jail where women prisoners appeared to be compelled to use towels used by those suffering from foul diseases. The complaints of women prisoners were mainly about drinking and washing water which was insufficient; about the compulsion to feed their children in prison on jail food; about herding with prostitutes and criminals and the assaults of wardresses.

British India does not allow the United States to claim the monopoly of the Chain Gang of which we have heard so much recently. The statements of Madan Lal Parmi and Bhgat Singh give instances of gangs of prisoners, fifty-four in one case and about twenty in the other, who were chained together at night while compelled to sleep on the veranda in cold weather without blankets, the latter being an unofficial punishment. The rope in one case and chain in the other was passed through the irons on the wrists of each of the prisoners.

The Indian prison is in line with the traditions of the Indian police both in its inhumanity and vindictiveness. My colleagues and I in our tour of India saw the results of this repression in the looted and smashed homes of the Indian peasantry. We also witnessed the police in action. There is no law in India except the law which translates the will of the executive to suppress and stifle all opposition. On occasion it does not even stop short of beating to death.

The Ordinances have not stopped India thinking. In India itself thinking aloud involves peril. Everything I have said here would come under the penal provisions of the Press Act, the Criminal Law and the Indian Penal Code.

The India League, V. K. KRISHNA MENON
146 Strand, W.C.2.

[The author of this letter was one of a group of English and Indian men and women who recently spent several months in investigating conditions in India on behalf of The India League.

We have usually refrained from publishing stories of the Ordinance regime in India owing to the great difficulty of adequately substantiating them. Mr. Menon, who has lived for some years in this country and whose opinions are of a moderate nature, tells us that he is able and willing fully to substantiate every statement in his letter, and that a full report of The India League delegation's experiences in India will be published shortly. This letter is referred to in our Comments.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MR. GANDHI'S FAST

SIR,—When Mr. Gandhi decided to fast last September I felt that he had a strong case. You were good enough to let me state his case in the columns of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. But that case, it seems to me, does not justify a second fast. To those who know India, what has happened is perfectly clear. Mr. Gandhi's fast created a nation-wide hysteria. Under its influence caste Hindus surrendered privileges of which they have since repented. Enthusiasm for the welfare of the Untouchables has naturally waned.

Hysteria will be nation-wide once again. I have read much of the literature produced during the "fast unto death." A level-headed Indian who reads it now must feel as much shame as I do when I read some of the war-time pamphlets, speeches and sermons. It was exaggerated and unhealthy; and hysteria in Congress Bombay is no more "of God" than hysteria in Nazi Berlin. There was a time when Mr. Gandhi dreaded the possibility of his being worshipped as a saint, if not as a god. Has he still the same dread? Does he not realise the fantastic lengths to which the worship of one "who died for the Untouchables" will go?

Moreover, a man who resolves to dedicate himself entirely to the redemption of the Untouchables has not the right to continue his association with the political activities of Congress. If he agreed to leave high politics alone and to confine himself to social welfare, which, after all, is his *métier*, the Government of India would keep him no longer in Yeravda Gaol. But how is the Government to believe that he is disinterested when he decides to commence his fast two days after the arrival in London of the Indians who are to assist in the deliberations of the Joint Select Committee? The inference that he has chosen a time that will gravely embarrass the non-Congress—and temporarily absentee—leaders of India is too obvious to be missed.

If Mr. Gandhi reads this letter, he will know that I am writing as one who was, and is, his friend. I wish I could persuade him that almost all other "English Swarajists" are of my way of thinking.

J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON

102 Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3.

THE PHOENIX BOOK COMPANY

SIR,—It is well to remember that this correspondence started merely as a protest at a eulogistic review, as a book (with derogatory comments at the booksellers expense), of the Phoenix Book Company's catalogue, and not as an attack upon that estimable concern. I had no wish to start an internecine squabble, but, being attacked, I as a bookseller ventured to defend the genus! As you have charged booksellers quite unjustifiably (unless my letters come under the indictment!) of wasting time in unprofitable grumbles, and challenge us to devise new ways of selling books, let me point out that for years the greater part of our organised activities have been aimed at that very objective. Have you never heard of book tokens which make books the best and easiest presents to give? Have you never heard of the National Book Council? Do you know of the Society of Bookmen?

In reply to Mr. Baker let me say at once that I do *not* consider book companies, book societies, or any other such organisations, as "booksellers proper," a distinction I reserve for those who sell and catalogue all books in print, keep a good representative and up-to-date stock in a shop, and in general render a full book service, a phrase which implies more organisation and general complication than any member of the public can possibly realise. Mr. Baker, as I foresaw, takes me up on the question of credit; but waiting willy-nilly for the payment of outstanding accounts from book buyers of good standing is a very different thing to attempting by nation-wide publicity to teach a *habit* of deferred payment without distinction or discrimination.

Mr. Baker claims also that his company's activities benefit the bookshops by sending buyers to them. The booksellers view of this argument can best be expressed by saying that if I receive £100 of new business and lose £200 of existing business I am not grateful to the agency responsible! Whether that is a fair estimate of the effect of The Phoenix activities is, of course, a matter of opinion—based on experience. Booksellers' critics forget that the habit of borrowing from the lending library has contracted their sales of general literature to a point where they have insufficient money even for effective publicity, and are quite unable to withstand the effect of fresh competition.

Generally speaking, their objection to all competition which short circuits the booksellers is always the same. This objection is that these special organisations are always developed to sell some type of book for which there is a safe demand, or in some market, such as the educational, in which books being necessities do not carry the same risk as in general bookselling. As every such activity deprives the bookseller of one more "bread and butter" line, it becomes more and more impossible to maintain a turnover which will yield a net profit and enable him to give first class service. To-day no bookseller can make a living from selling new books alone.

The public should realise—and this is the sole justification of this correspondence—that if the general bookseller is to maintain the expensive organisation, and perishable stock, that they expect of him, they must help wherever possible to give him the quickest possible turnover of his desperately slow selling wares.

H. M. WILSON

Associated Booksellers,
7 Ship Tavern Passage,
Gracechurch Street, E.C.3.

EMPLOYMENT

SIR,—The only palliative for unemployment which seems to have found favour is allotments. As an addition to these, which are often on poor and unsuitable land, might it not be possible by arrangement between local committees and the owners of the many country houses now vacant, to put skilled men to work in their highly cultivated gardens, and to save these examples of one of the last and finest examples of English crafts and craftsmen?

R. H. ROWSON

The Caldecott Community,
The Mote, Maidstone.

MILITARISM AT HOME

SIR,—I have read with amazement the report of the trial and heavy fining of a youth for "interfering with the recruiting services." It is something of a shock to learn that, at a time when we are pledged to peace and disarmament, a Territorial regiment may carry out a propaganda march, but a private individual may not do anything to counteract the effect of such propaganda on youthful minds. The tendentious rubbish talked by the magistrate concerned was presumably an expression of private opinion: it is to be hoped that it is not the official view that "the stability of the State" is dependent on us all joining the Territorials.

AUSTEN ALBU

Talland, King's End, Ruislip.

AGENTS PROVOCATEURS

SIR,—"Critic" in your London Diary asks how far the police may legally go in inciting other people to break the law. The police can, with impunity, go as far as they please in this respect. The Crown need not prosecute where it does not wish to, thus it is that agents provocateurs are given immunity when their victims are punished. Furthermore, the evidence of a police spy or a police accomplice does not require corroboration, whereas the evidence of an ordinary accomplice does. Why a distinction should be made between the two is not very clear. So far as I am aware, provocative agents are not employed in cases of murder, rape, and other real crimes. In such cases the role of the provocateur if he or she were the victim would not be a very pleasant one. Indeed few policemen or policewomen would run the risks in these circumstances in order to manufacture a criminal and bring him to justice.

The Government must of course be allowed to use spies to detect crime, but these spies should not be allowed to instigate or participate in crime or pretend to do so. If the community can protect itself against murder and rape without the aid of agents provocateurs, surely it can do so against such a petty crime as the sale of lottery tickets. If judges and magistrates imposed merely nominal penalties (or better still refused to convict) when agents provocateurs

were employed the higher police authorities would cease to use them. Another method would be for the Home Office to forbid their use altogether. Unfortunately the justiciary is somewhat obscurantist and upholds existing practices (although not bound to do so), whether good or bad. It is very dubious whether any offence which can only be detected by an agent provocateur should be an offence at all. G. W. R. THOMSON

Law Society's Hall,
Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE MOSCOW TRIAL

SIR,—Mrs. L'Estrange Malone considers it "truly awful" that people should be shot in Russia on charges of sabotage. The view one takes of the matter really turns on the question whether people *in fact* destroy machines, sow weeds, fire tractor-stations and disorganise work with counter-revolutionary intent. If we take the view propagated in the English press, viz., that such sabotage is a mere myth invented by the Soviets to cloak the "failure" of the Five Year Plan, we shall naturally regard the executions as not only awful, but atrocious.

But is this the only possible view? Mr. W. A. Rukeyser in his book, *Working for the Soviets*, says that in the opinion of most American specialists in Russia there is deliberate and widespread sabotage and counter-revolutionary activity. He himself expresses the view that the G.P.U. never strikes without reason. And Mr. Rukeyser is not a Communist or even a Socialist—quite the contrary.

As to the lapse of "a few hours" or "minutes" between trial and execution, I leave it to your readers to judge which is the more "awful"—this, or the English practice of leaving the felon in the condemned cell for three or more weeks and carefully preventing him from taking his own life, in order that he may die at a rope's end "by due form of law."

13 Laurel Road, S.W.20. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

[Mr. A. J. Cummings, who has had the advantage of being himself present at the Moscow trial, writes in the *News-Chronicle*, May 2nd, "Since I came to Moscow I have heard the full story of the thirty-five Russians who were secretly executed before the arrest of the Russian and British engineers. If the story were only half true their treacherous activities on a gigantic scale in the Ukraine and the Caucasus (under the direction of a high Soviet official acting as a Polish spy) merited instant death. At this last trial in Moscow an Englishman long resident in Russia told me he had never until then seriously believed in the 'wrecking' activities of anti-Soviet counter-revolutionaries, but that now he was convinced of their reality." We do not agree with him about the "instant death," but his testimony is interesting.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BAN ON 80% OF RUSSIAN IMPORTS

SIR,—

Resolved, that Ivan is a cad
Who is not fit to be alive;
Resolved, we cut the blighter dead
On four occasions out of five.

G. S. L.

Miscellany

"DER ROSENKAVALIER" AT COVENT GARDEN

ONE of the few critics in this country for whom I have any respect remarked to me at the end of the second act of *Der Rosenkavalier* last Monday night: "It is hardly even a third-class opera, but they are not getting more than thirty per cent. out of it." He said this in passing, and I had no chance of further conversation with him, or I am sure he would have excepted Lotte Lehmann's performance as Die Marschallin from his general accusation. Also I am certain that his public utterances, which I have not seen at the moment of writing, would be nothing like as drastic. This is an example of the usual discrepancy between private and public opinions, and it is one of the tendencies of the press to-day to make this somewhat necessary gulf wider and wider.

This is one of the reasons why a journalist who is going to apply a more severe standard—in other words, who is going to narrow the gulf between private and public utterances—is almost obliged to give a warning beforehand, otherwise he runs the risk of appearing jaundiced and ill-natured. There is also another point of view to be considered when writing about the opera season at Covent Garden, and it is this: If from the highest musical standpoint there is a certain amount of truth in declaring such an opera as Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* a third-class work, it is nevertheless true that it is a work of art of fine quality and far superior to anything to be seen or heard at any London theatre except Covent Garden from one year to another. In any criticism of the annual Covent Garden international opera season it should first of all be made clear that the reason for the crowded audiences and immense enthusiasm is that the public is getting something which it does not get elsewhere in the theatre, the enjoyment of genuine works of art presented by highly gifted and accomplished performers.

In this respect music and opera remain in a world of their own. It is the only field which remains open to-day to pure artistic activity. We have the extraordinary spectacle of seeing our concert halls and Covent Garden devoted to the constant reproduction by the finest European performers of the accumulated store of the best works of the past and, to some extent, of the present. There is, as yet, no mass-product in music and opera made to be consumed to-day and discarded to-morrow. Also the performances of music and opera are on an altogether higher level in conception and execution, even at their least successful moments, than the best performances in the cinema and theatre of to-day. This must be borne in mind when reading the criticism I am about to make of the production of *Der Rosenkavalier* on the opening night.

To start with what was most satisfying and convincing, I have to say that it is not an exaggeration to describe Lotte Lehmann's performance as perfect. It seems to me that you can call a performance perfect when you cease to notice any longer all that goes to make it up, since everything has fused together into a single complete and satisfying impression. Acting and singing are so intimately blended together in Lehmann's representation of the part that one experiences the creation of the authors (librettist and composer) as it must have been imagined by them. Now that seems to me to be the highest praise you can give to a performer. I also venture to think that the character of this middle-aged Marschallin as created by Hofmannsthal and Richard Strauss is both beautiful and convincing, and therefore *Der Rosenkavalier*, when so performed, will always prove a touching and impressive work. The role next in importance, Baron Ochs, was taken this year by Alexander Kipnis. Now, I should imagine that those who saw *Der Rosenkavalier* for the first time this year would find Kipnis completely adequate. He has a fine voice, is a gifted artist and acted well; but to those who remember Richard Mayr in the part he was less than perfect. In the first act he was rather stiff, but he improved in the last act, in which he was very good indeed; but he lacks the suppleness, flexibility and humour of Richard Mayr, whose technique of vocalisation was astonishing and something from which the very best of our English actors and actresses could learn a lot. The new Octavian, Eva Hadrabova, has a nice voice but has some very feminine physical characteristics which get in the way of the illusion in the first act. Also, when she assumes the disguise of the Marschallin's maid she is too hoydenish for the part of a great lady's maid in the presence of her mistress and a male visitor. There was much more finesse in the "business" between Octavian and Baron Ochs in the first act when Delia Reinhardt and Richard Mayr played those parts.

The new Sophie, Adele Kern, takes the part which Elisabeth Schumann made familiar to us. Elisabeth Schumann was hardly youthful enough in physique for the part of a very young girl and in this respect Adele Kern has the advantage.

but in nothing else. Elisabeth Schumann was by no means impeccable vocally, but she had a voice of great charm which she could use with extraordinary effect. In charm and sensibility Adele Kern is less engaging, although she looks attractive; this is due partly to her voice, which is rather colourless and was now and then out of tune, and partly to her conception of her part, which is rather too sophisticated. The rest of the cast was satisfactory on the whole and was largely familiar.

To my mind the least satisfactory part of the performance was Sir Thomas Beecham's and the orchestra's. I thought that Sir Thomas was often heavy-handed and overpowered his singers. Neither did he always give them the buoyancy and expressive support that they needed. The opening of the second act—the whole of the scene of the presentation of the rose—was far less effective than it should have been. The Viennese sensuousness and charm were lacking and the climaxes were less effective than usual. There was, however, a great improvement in the third act when the trio and the succeeding duet were beautifully performed. I used to be of the opinion that the third act, in spite of some beautiful music, was definitely weaker than the rest of the opera, but I am of a different mind now. The impression is very skilfully built up and heightened in the final scenes and the opera closes on the right note, having developed and secured the significance of the principal character, the Marschallin, and completed the moving portrait so beautifully sketched in the first act.

W. J. TURNER

THE SLUM CHILD

No flower grew where I was bred,
No leafy tree
Its canopy of greenness spread
Over my youthful head.

My woodland walk was gutter stone,
Nowhere for me
Was given a place where I alone
Could to my self be gone.

In leafless Summer's stench and noise
I'd sit and play
With other as lean-faced girls and boys,
And sticks and stones for toys—

Homeless, till evening dark came down;
And street lamp's ray
On weary skulking beggary thrown
Flared in the night-hung town.

Then up the noisome stairs I'd creep,
For food and rest,
Or, empty-bellied, lie, and weep
My silly woes to sleep:

And wept in silence—shaken with fear—
But cautious lest
Those on the mattress huddled near
Should, cursing, wake and hear. . . .

O wondrous Life! though plainly I see,
Thus looking back,
What evil and filth and poverty
In childhood harboured me,

And marvel that merciless man could so
The innocent wrack;
Yet, in bare truth, I also know
A well-spring of peace did flow,

Secretly blossomed, along that street;
And—foul-mouthed waif—
Though I in no wise heeded it
In the refuse at my feet,

Yet, caged within those spectral bones,
Aloof and safe,
Some hidden one made mock of groans,
Found living bread in stones.

O mystery of mysteries!
Between my hands I take that face,
Bloodless and bleak, unchildlike wise—
Epitome of man's disgrace—
I search its restless eyes,
And, from those woe-flecked depths, at me
Looks back through all its misery
A self beyond surmise.

WALTER DE LA MARE

"GALLOWS GLORIOUS"

THE merits of this play were entirely concentrated in one character and nearly all the merit of the acting in that part. Mr. Wilfrid Lawson's performance of John Brown (a remarkable one) was so far above the acting of the rest that it was easy to overlook the fact that many of them were nevertheless acting as well as the parts allotted them permitted: notably, in the last act, Miss Patricia Nye, who played Martha, John Brown's wife. The dramatist succeeded, with the help of Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, in making a noble fanatic actually live before our eyes—an achievement. But—and here lay the weakness of Mr. Gow's play—his sense of character and situation, outside that figure, was entirely conventional. The playgoer could always foresee what sentiments would be uttered next; the precise moment when one of the simple young women would display an innocent archness; when one of the strong young men would break down or recover his nerve; when the lovers would shyly discover each other's devotion; when the comic reporter would introduce relief, and when the starving, exhausted survivor among John Brown's sons would stagger to the door crying, "We must save him," though at the moment 500 miles from the scene of his father's execution. Only once did one of the subordinate characters speak a line which showed that the dramatist had thought himself into a minor part: the moment when Mrs. Brown, listening to Emerson's pronouncement in the papers about the verdict on her husband, "If it be perfected, it will make the gallows glorious like the Cross," cried, "That is a dreadful thing to say" (she is shocked, not comforted), "but perhaps the poor man was too upset to control himself." That line showed a dramatic insight into character which was otherwise confined throughout the play to the figure of John Brown himself. Throughout the alternations of emotion were only of the hackneyed sort; but the tense, ominous and powerful figure of the fanatic lived, in spite of being surrounded by wax-work and stage-worn situations.

Gallows Glorious was performed at the Arts Theatre on Sunday evening, having moved there for one night from Croydon. It is what is generally described as "a chronicle play," though "biographical play" would better describe its nature. Mr. Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln* was an early popular success in this line; that is to say, in the line of attempting to stage the career of a famous man. Two unpublished poems by Mr. Drinkwater on John Brown were read to us, and well delivered, by Mr. Harris before the curtain rose.

One striking literary feature of the twentieth century has been the increase of popular interest in biography. This has influenced the theatre. The public has become so familiar with the personalities of many famous men and women that they delight now in watching these walk and talk upon the stage, though their careers may not always be suitable for dramatisation. On Sunday night we saw on the stage the buccaneer abolitionist, whose memory inspired the best remembered of the marching songs of the North in the American

Civil War. He lives in the popular imagination in connection with his armed raid into Virginia to establish there a mountain-stronghold as a refuge for runaway slaves, and with his crazy attempt to seize the U.S. arsenal at Harper's Ferry. In 1859, he assembled twenty-two men (six of them coloured), and boxes of rifles and pikes at a farm which he had previously bought near that town; and on the night of October 18th, with eighteen men, he broke into the city and took some prisoners. The citizens of Harper's Ferry shot several of Brown's men; and the next day Colonel Lee, afterwards the Southern general, arrived from Washington with a company of Marines. Brown and six men barricaded a fire-engine house, which they continued to defend till his two sons were killed and he himself was severely wounded. He was then handed over to the Court of Virginia and hanged on December 2nd at Charleston for insurrection, treason and murder. Four of his followers were executed at the same time and two of the others a little later. Though futile in itself this raid upon a slave-owning State stimulated enormously anti-slavery feeling in the North and national feeling in the South, thus precipitating the Civil War; although Lincoln fought that war on the denial of the right of the Southern States to secede alone, and not on the slavery question. Nothing proved truer, so it turned out, than the famous refrain, "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching along."

He was born in 1800, and he was of Pilgrim stock. He was successively a tanner, a land-surveyor, a shepherd and a farmer in Pennsylvania, Ohio and the State of New York. He was a fanatical abolitionist and travelled about working up anti-slavery propaganda and organising what was called "the underground railway"—secret routes of escape for runaway slaves. He was twice married and had twenty children. In 1854 five of his sons moved to the border State of Kansas, and joining them, John Brown became a leader in border conflicts. In reprisal he once ordered five pro-slavery men to be shot, and in '56 his own home was burnt and one of his sons killed. After the fighting in Kansas was over he started drilling men in Iowa; and subsequently he embarked on the mad exploit which led to his death and "immortality."

Here, it will be seen, the playwright has a historic subject which lends itself to dramatic concentration. His subject is a man with a single-track mind who believes himself to be God's instrument; little preparation is necessary, for the dramatic climax of his life contained the whole of him. Act I showed John Brown among his family. The right notes were struck: Old Testament piety, frugality, absolute obedience to the head of the family. But they were touched conventionally—the atmosphere remained unreal. We saw John Brown hide a hunted slave, and learnt that his sons were ready to follow him to Virginia. The next Act was laid in his stronghold there, and we followed the gradual maturing of his resolve to strike—and quickly. What was well brought out was the fanatic's conviction that he could not fail. At first he was confident in even the military possibility of his enterprise, but, brooding long over his Bible, he became sure that he and his sons must die. Spectacular failure would bring success to the Cause, God's Cause. And John Brown, the fanatic, was right. What was dramatically "done" in Act II was his isolation. (He is inevitably cut off from others and from reason)—his tenderness, his ruthlessness, his strange authority. Mr. Lawson impersonated with rare unexaggerated intensity a sturdy, untidy, unpretentious farmer, sixty years old, and his secret rapture and distress of mind. Two pictures from this play will remain with me: John Brown's last war-council, a mixture of curt orders and the reading aloud of the story of Gideon; and John Brown's demeanour, when wounded and interrogated by Lee about his motives. By slow movements of the body and hands, by a fixed grimace of defeated ecstasy, by vocal tones, which suggested communion with himself, even when the words were addressed to others, the actor succeeded in conveying an unforgettable impression of a devoted fanaticism. Nor did the dramatist fail him; John Brown was never made to speak out of his character. The last Act (we were back again at the home farm) was preluded by a cinema device. Mrs. Brown is discovered listening to an account of the trial which one of her sons is reading to her from the paper. But before the curtain rises, we have heard from behind it John Brown himself in court making his last speech. Two events thus separate in space and time are synchronised emotionally, and the device is successful.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE EPSTEIN EXHIBITION

THE public baiting of Mr. Epstein is still one of the chief artistic phenomena of our day. If a graph were to be drawn showing the strength of public opposition to his right to self-expression it would show a steady rise from 1908, when he executed the decorations at the British Medical Assocation, till 1926 or so and the terrific scandal of "Rima," followed by "Night" and "Day," of the Underground Building. Since then, perhaps, the line has shown a slight drop, but it would go soaring up again with any new and prominent public commission. Twenty years is a long time to keep any scandal going, and if Epstein himself had taken any part in it, it might have fizzled out long ago. But he remains true to his self-chosen epitaph, from the dramatist Ford—"I rest silent in my work." When a Cézanne or a Van Gogh is acquired for the nation the cries of "Shame" last for a couple of days or so and then the picture takes its place beside Constable and Courbet. Then why this continual baiting of Mr. Epstein? Partly, I think, on account of this personal silence of the sculptor, which is intriguing; partly because he was one of the first of the rebels; but above all because there is something very popularly attractive about his work, something that is at once its attraction and its challenger. He is a natural romantic, and his self-discipline as an artist, while it has been enormous, has never taken the form of suppression by his romantic qualities. Nor has he ever completely satisfied what has been called his "thirst for grandeur and the heroic," and this quality (quite accidentally, as far as he is concerned) happens to fulfil one of the public demands for a public statue. But this failure to suppress natural romance has not made Epstein a bad sculptor, though it has made him a public figure. He continues to make triumphant use of his spontaneous feelings, and it is when his feelings are, as it were, at white heat that he is at his best as a sculptor. Unlike a Picasso or a Braque his formal values are the result of necessity and not choice. He does not, like Braque, "love the rule that corrects the emotion," but he finds that without the rule the emotion cannot be realised.

In the exhibition of his recent work at the Leicester Galleries the most imposing and heroic of the sculptures is the carving in Hopton wood stone, "Primeval Gods," dated 1910–33. The most imposing and heroic, but not the most satisfying ultimately, because here the emotion, which threatened to get out of hand, has had rules imposed on it that have sapped its vitality. The figures on the front are finely conceived but, obeying the convention they do, they have lost the force of most of his work, a force which comes of a kind of passionate apprehension of life, symbolised by the human body, and a fixing of it in stone or bronze, of which Epstein at his best is a master. Far more satisfying is the large "Madonna and Child" in bronze (1927) in which the rhythms by the arms and drapery round the central masses are fixed with this satisfying assurance. It is unerring in its aim and has actually far more heroism and grandeur than the rather grandiloquent "Primeval Gods." The "Primeval Gods" carving, executed at intervals over a period of twenty-three years, must be taken as a sort of affirmation on Mr. Epstein's part, and it does nothing to alter a general impression from the rest of his work that he is by nature a naturalistic artist; that, however much he may distort natural forms to make them obey a convention, his impulse is at its best when it is stimulated and constantly controlled by them. His portrait-busts, such as those in the present exhibition by "Professor Lucy Martin Donelly," "Malcolm

Bendon, Esq.," and "Dr. William Cramer," have an amazing vitality. When he projects the features forward on the general mass of a head (a characteristic exaggeration) he does it with the natural shape of the head as a basis rather than to satisfy any formal necessity. Consequently, it sometimes appears as a formal exaggeration, but the gain in human vitality is enormous. It would be difficult to find a better modern portrait in any medium than the one here of "Emlyn Williams."

J. PIPER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The New Charlot Show

With just a little more "snap" and general breathlessness, *How-d'you-Do*, André Charlot's new revue at the Comedy Theatre, would be a star specimen of its genre. It has a good deal of wit and pleasant satire, a company which has quite as much talent as the producer knows how to use, and a chorus which is abnormally comely. But in revue high speed is essential, if only to whirl one through the inevitable dull patches. Mr. Douglas Byng adopts a technique which is reminiscent of the late Malcolm Scott, and in consequence the delicacy of his nuances is sacrificed for the broader hits. But they are none the less amusing for that, and his Tree Song with its familiar ballad accompaniment is the best thing of the evening. Mr. Edward Chapman is essentially a comedian and not a *farceur*, and his many impersonations vary accordingly. Miss Frances Day is dreadful in a solemn song about the woes of a cabaret singer, but entirely delightful in everything else she does, especially an outrageously ingenuous effort called "'Scuse me."

The Rivals

The production of *The Rivals* at the Embassy reminds one how much Sheridan depended on his cast. It is not only that his wit requires to be served up with swiftness; all his characters are presented in the flat; the actors have to round them. The present revival is a very happy one. Lady Tree returns to the stage to breathe life into the absurdities of a vain and stupid woman and to reveal, as if unconsciously—but in reality with how much art!—all there is of pathos in the ridiculous. Her Mrs. Malaprop is a wonderful example of creative acting. In itself, malapropism is not amusing. Indeed, there is nothing more boring than sustained verbal ingenuity. But Sheridan created excellent opportunities for players who know how to use them. The rest of the cast enter more or less successfully into the spirit of the play. Mr. Baliol Holloway is a vigorous though somewhat over-theatrical Sir Anthony, and Miss Lesley Wareing languishes quite prettily as Lydia. As for Mr. Eric Portman's Captain Absolute, he is without doubt the very pineapple of politeness.

When Ladies Meet.

Here is a drawing-room play from America, replete with every modern convenience for popular actors and actresses, up to date and well garnished, but with the difference that it has something to garnish. Something, if not very much. Enough, at any rate, to let the author talk sense sometimes and to let her characters come to life without making the whole thing ridiculous. The characters themselves are preposterous: a beautiful young woman-novelist who writes drivel that isn't meant to be drivel (and Miss Ann Todd could have persuaded us that it wasn't, if it wasn't); a foreign correspondent acting faithful-dog in unpromising circumstances; a philandering husband, and a loving wife who suddenly ceases to love (for a flash one may believe the portent of the gleam in Miss Mary Newcomb's eye): all of them mere puppets, if very decorative and amusing ones. And yet they do stand for something more than decoration and amusement. They form the basis for a very good entertainment, and they must be more than puppets to do that. The acting is excellent. Miss Marie Tempest epitomises the whole play with her sage comments and her witty gestures, and has caught its feeling to a nicety.

A Farewell to Arms.

Hollywood has made an unusual effort not to tamper with Mr. Hemingway's famous novel. There is no attempt to disguise 1. That the relations between hero and heroine are irregular. 2. That the heroine dies in childbirth. 3. That the hero is a deserter. It is no doubt due to a desire to keep the Italian market that the Rout of Caporetto is called "The Italian arms triumph in the Piave," an act of discretion which disorganises the chronology of the film. The dialogue is unduly softened and considerations of economy have prevented the scenery of the Italian front being exploited as it should be, if Mr. Hemingway's book is to be faithfully reproduced. But still *A Farewell to Arms* is a good entertainment. Gary Cooper looked superb and acted with his accustomed sureness and variety, while Menjou gave an original and intelligent rendering of the Italian doctor. Recollections of the novel probably hamper one's appreciation of a film, which with all its faults is well above the average.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 5th—
"Siegfried," Covent Garden, 5.45.
Horowitz, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

SATURDAY, May 6th—
Rugby League Final, Wembley.

SUNDAY, May 7th—
Prof. Lancelot Hogben on "Materialism and Modern Science," Conway Hall, 11.
Brahms' Centenary Concert, Oxford Bach Choir and Cambridge University Musical Society, Albert Hall, 3.
Prof. Gilbert Murray, "Readings from Euripides," Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 3.30.
P. Sloan on "Russia To-day," Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.
"Progress," an anti-war play by Walter Goldsby and Paul Banks. B.B.C. Dublin and Athlone Stations, 8.40.

MONDAY, May 8th—
London Music Festival, Queen's Hall.
"Gotterdammerung," Covent Garden, 5.15.
"After All," Croydon Repertory Theatre.

TUESDAY, May 9th—
C. F. Strickland on "Co-operative Societies in India," Friends House, Euston Road., 1.20.
Mock Trial on "Asserting Themselves Unduly." Defendants: Dingle Foot, M.P., the Hon. Quintin Hogg, Giles Playfair, London School of Economics, 5.30.
"Der Rosenkavalier," Covent Garden, 7.45.

WEDNESDAY, May 10th—
"Das Rheingold," Covent Garden, 8.30.

THURSDAY, May 11th—
"Tristan und Isolde," Covent Garden, 7.
Prof. H. Levy on "A Scientific Worker Looks at Dialectical Materialism," Conway Hall, 8.15.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHY does the soldier resplendent in scarlet tunic and pipeclay, waxed moustaches pointed at the ends and noble bearskin towering above, wear this splendid panoply? Is it for purposes of his sexual selection by nursemaids in the park, as Darwin might have said—and there are tales of particularly gorgeous specimens of manhood earning a shilling an hour as escort to a pram—or is it to strike terror into his hated foe and rival, the humble milkman going his rounds? On such topics it is possible for the student to puzzle his head in private without coming to a dogmatic conclusion, but if he begins to argue, either with another student, or merely by writing down his thoughts on paper and then making them consistent, why then farewell to reason! Or rather farewell to all reasons but one. For there is nothing the mind of man hates more than for two causes to combine and co-operate to produce one effect. Sometimes, indeed, two causes must be admitted to exist, but then, asks man, which is the chief? It is natural enough that he should prefer one, since if he has only one, he can get a lot of fun out of it, particularly in applying it where it doesn't seem to fit; whereas if he has a dozen or more equal and irreducible causes, he will feel very sorry for himself and will excite pity and derision in the critics who read his books or listen to his arguments. Nobody is ever convinced if one gives them more than one reason.

* * *

Major R. W. G. Hingston is a one-theory man, and in *The Meaning of Animal Colour and Adornment* (Arnold, 18*s*.) he has applied his theory so widely through the animal world that he has imparted a certain sameness to a very fascinating book. His theory is "that all animals are fundamentally concealingly coloured, but that superimposed on the concealing pattern is a second pattern of threatening colour. . . . they consist of two coats, a blending coat necessary for concealment and a brilliant coat necessary for threat." The lion provides an excellent example.

> When he stands before his rival fully enraged his black ear-patches look directly forward, his dark mane is widely expanded, his tail-brush is swishing over his back. In other words, he has made himself as conspicuous as the mechanism at his disposal permits. As his anger diminishes so does his conspicuousness; his ears rotate and hide their black surfaces, his mane retracts behind the tawny fringe, his tail-swishings cease and the appendage is lowered. His conspicuous pattern, as it were, shrinks back into the shelter of his concealing coat.

This is the theory of colour-conflict, and Major Hingston pours the utmost scorn on Darwin's theories of sexual selection. The coloration of the animal world is due to two emotions which exist in every animal—fear which leads to a protective coat, and hostility which leads to a brilliant and threatening coat, by which it expresses its rage. The colour and appearance of the mandrill is not to charm and entice the female. He looks so appallingly ugly because he is an ugly customer in a very ugly mood. He has gone on with his emotions of hostility so long that my nurse's warning has come true and he has been "struck so." The huge protuberance on the face is an artificial lip or gum, revealed in a permanent snarl, and can be compared directly with the terrifying masks of savages. But as Major Hingston multiplies instance upon instance, one becomes aware that one is hearing only one side of the story. And an explanation which fits the lion doesn't suit all beasts so well.

> The ears and tail are the squirrel's chief instruments of threat . . . The angered squirrel whisks its tail and at the same time spreads the hairs. But in order that this menacing function may be more efficient, the hairs have become excessively lengthened.

On which one may comment that the excessively lengthened tail so acquired is what has adapted its possessor to an arboreal life, and that it acts as a parachute and a balancing organ.

* * *

Major Hingston is particularly successful in applying the theory of colour-conflict to goats and sheep. "Goats," he tells us, "have their main threat developed in their beards." And all bearded goats fight in the same way. They rise up on their hind legs, throw their heads back to exhibit their beards, and bring their heads crashing down. But the billys of the unbearded genus Hemitragus do not get up on their hind legs, but rush along the ground straight at one another. So do sheep, and most sheep possess no beard. The Urial, however, rears up on its hind legs, and the Urial has a beard in addition to his ruff. Major Hingston, after this ovine triumph, goes on to the bears, some of which also stand up to fight. Those bears, he tells us, which rear up have a threat to exhibit on their chests. And in fact the Himalayan bear has a white yoke across his chest and stands up. The Indian sloth bear also has a chest mark and attacks on its hind legs. The Polar bear does not rear up. "And the point which is to us of special interest is that those bears with a white chest mark rear up when they fight, whilst those without a chest mark attack their enemies on all fours." But the ordinary European bear rears up and has no chest mark and strangles this generalisation in its hug. Sometimes we must differ from our author on points of fact, and sometimes his view seems too narrow. Thus in speaking of the hairy coat, he says: "I am inclined to regard the hairy coat as having much more importance as a fighting mechanism than as a blanket." But he is only concerned with its terrifying appearance, and the value of a thick coat of wiry hair as a shield in combat is excluded. Yet the lion's mane is not only threatening, it is a splendid shield to fill the mouths of other lions when they are fighting.

* * *

The song of birds, the markings of caterpillars and butterflies, are all displays of rage, and the sexual act itself is, we are told, merely the proof for each partner of triumph over a hated rival. Admittedly cocks crow for the benefit of each other and not to wake up the hens. The same must be true of the nightingale, but surely the funereal croak of the raven must be addressed to his mate, since he pairs for life? Major Hingston says a good many interesting things about man.

> It is not unusual to hear two persons abusing one another and, when doing so, copying each other's tones. Such mimicking of voice and accent is analogous, I believe, to imitation in bird song, and such mimicry we regard as the height of insult, as in birds it represents the maximum of threat.

With regard to the beard Darwin wrote: "It appears our male ape-like progenitors acquired their beards as an ornament to charm or excite the opposite sex and transmitted them only to their male offspring." On which Major Hingston sensibly comments:

> If such were true then our poetry, which deals so much with courtship, could not fail to be full of references to an appendage which decided the success or failure of our amours. But there is not a trace of such an allusion . . . Up to recent times beards, whiskers and moustaches were the stamp of the British officer.

They were worn to make him look more terrible in battle. "Japanese soldiers cannot grow beards, and in ancient days they used to put false beards and moustaches on the face pieces of their suits of armour." Personally I always find men with beards impressive because their expressions are hidden. One thinks there is more than there is. It is the organ of dignity and pomposity and of fraud. With rare exceptions beards are bad for the character, and our bearded friends are weak-chinned impostors who take themselves too seriously. Perhaps this explains the odd fact that beards were denounced as effeminate in the young courtiers of William Rufus. They were so effeminate that they had to grow beards to hide the fact. But sometimes they are very beautiful and warm and soft, and give confidence to their wearers and to all beholders. I cannot grow that sort myself. Mine is hostile.

DAVID GARNETT

BIRKENHEAD: THE CONDOTTIERE

Life of Lord Birkenhead. By HIS SON. Vol. I. *Thornton Butterworth.* 21s.

Lord Birkenhead has given us a very interesting account of that part of his father's life which ended with the outbreak of the war. There is some tendency to turgidity in his narrative, and some admixture of that curious insensibility to other people's feelings from which his father was never wholly free in his own life. But it is, as a whole, a thoroughly workmanlike job, which gives a recognisably fair picture of its subject.

To judge Lord Birkenhead, as he is revealed in these pages, one must remember that he was throughout engaged in establishing his position in the front rank of legal and political life. It is, therefore, essentially the brilliant *condottiere* who is displayed, in whom are hardly shown some of the profounder qualities he was to exhibit after he became Lord Chancellor in 1917. There is the effective advocate; there is little of the really eminent jurist. There is the superbly insolent debater; there is hardly a trace of the patient and careful negotiator revealed to those who saw him in the Irish Treaty negotiations, or those which preceded the General Strike of 1926. There is the energy of the man with a career to make at all hazards; there is little trace of that social direction in its use which made him one of the most effective Lord Chancellors of recent times.

No one can read the pages of this biography without the sense that he is dealing with a great personality. There were qualities in Lord Birkenhead from which no one can withhold admiration. He had great capacity, remarkable energy, intense personal loyalty, instant and deep personal generosity. One can see at once the charm of the man, the fascination he must have exerted over all who were associated with him. It is not yet necessary to emphasise that he was a stout fighter and, almost invariably, a formidable opponent. He had the great gift of being able to throw himself heart and soul into all that he did, whether it was work or play. There was an intense inner fire in him which made it impossible to ignore him. Save Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, I doubt whether any public man of our time has aroused emotions so deep whether of affection or of indignation.

Yet I find it difficult to believe that the observer of his type will find it easy, on a long view, to have a high regard for Lord Birkenhead. The man revealed in these pages is set first and foremost on his own career. He is the brilliant mercenary, conscious of great powers, and hewing his way by a conscious tactic to the front. He is invariably clever, but very rarely profound. There were about him a flashy arrogance, a rather cheap cynicism, a vulgar pleasure in expensive and conspicuous display, which did a good deal to detract from the dignity of public life. His son several times uses the analogy of Bolingbroke, and the comparison is apt enough. Like Bolingbroke, he was thrilled by the glamour of power, and loathed a world in which he might fail to be noticed. Like Bolingbroke also, he mistook the outward trappings of success for its inner secret. Like Bolingbroke also there was inherent in him the gambler's recklessness. He was brave enough, capable of loyalty, eager to serve when fame was the reward of service. But it is difficult not to feel that he deliberately aimed low, and that he never conceived it part of his function to examine the rational basis of his prejudices.

Anyone who examines the arguments of his speeches will find it difficult to believe that he ever spent time in the serious pursuit of truth. His is the sophister's way—the immediate point, the quick debater's thrust, the appeal to obvious prejudice, the apt quotation. Except on a few supreme occasions, as in the Irish dispute, when he rose above himself, he is not much more than the supreme party hack who can be trusted to fight valiantly for his side without counting the consequences of the battle. His charm is undeniable; he lit up any company in which he was present. His gifts were immense. But he lacked the power to subordinate himself continuously to great ends. He was a great egotist, theatrical, passionate for recognition, counting always the immediate impression as more than the long-term result. His son remarks that his real self would have been hardly known had it not been for his arrival in office during the war. But, by that time, the posture he adopted as his technique, had in fact become an essential part of his character from which he was never able to free himself. He paid too great a price for the fame he coveted in his early years; and when his place in the front rank was already assured, he did not know how to discipline his immense faults so that his obvious virtues might have their right opportunity.

HAROLD J. LASKI

FRENCHMEN, ENGLISHMEN AND SPANIARDS

Life and Manners in Madrid, 1750-1800. By CHAS. F. KANY. *University of California Press.* $7.50.

The Private Correspondence of Sir Benjamin Keene. Edited by SIR RICHARD LODGE. *Cambridge University Press.* 25s.

It is always a matter of injured surprise to the Madrileño that of all considerable European capitals Madrid should be on the whole the least congenial to foreigners, a place renowned abroad for its formality and gloom where the native sees gaiety and ease. Possibly the Castillian monotony can seem pleasurable only to the religious, those who see things in simple black and white, who see in the stones the conflicts of the soul. One requires, in fact, a temperament given to blank indolence and sporadic energy, which can pass in one step from torpor to fireworks, to get anything out of Madrid.

But in the eighteenth century it was impossible even for Madrid to escape from European gaiety. It was not a great century for Spain, but with the coming of the Bourbons the tide of decadence had begun to turn. From the historian's point of view the changes in Spanish life, the developments in Spanish literature, art and music, the advent of new and liberating political ideas are so obviously derivative from France that one is better off in Versailles than at Aranjuez. But this sophistication is narrow; it misses many odd flavours. It misses that conflict between French culture and the flamboyant vigour which always lies under Spanish lethargy like dynamite in a dead stick, a conflict which was to cause on the one hand a riot about hats, a protest in the name of religion against the construction of a sewage system; and, on the other, to bring Spain considerably nearer to the European current. To skip from the Golden Age to the nineteenth century because of the mediocrity of the eighteenth century's French derivations is to miss a rich and picturesque ferment, as Mr. Chas. E. Kany points out in his diverting, thorough, and exceptionally well-illustrated book.

Under the Bourbons Spanish imperialism again collapsed; but putting politics aside, Mr. Kany is content to describe what the ordinary resident would have observed in the capital, where the constructive work of the Bourbons was to be observed. It is all summed up in Louis XIV's words to his grandson when he ascended the throne: "Be a good Spaniard, but remember you are French by birth."

In clothes, in literature and music, in fashions, in domestic customs, the French influence works. The Spaniards had clung to Oriental customs; at the beginning of the century, for example, hostesses received their guests sitting on a dais cross-legged in Moorish fashion. The sedulous ape set to work, and the odd effect of French influence was to draw the educated apart from the masses and, in consequence, to draw from the masses a vital ridicule or a grotesque emulation. The century becomes the century of the people matching their wits against foreign fashion—which in its own field was reading Rousseau and Locke, building the Prado Gallery and the Royal Palace, and walking elegantly in the Retiro, while under the trees of the Paseo del Prado the mob enjoyed itself riotously. It was a strange century for Spain when ladies were attended by their favourite gallants, and were never seen to dance with their husbands; and blind beggars had their guild protected by the municipality.

In the confusion of these transitional times there were many signal breaks with tradition. With the coming of the French, the bullfight ceased to be the sport of noblemen who, in the Moorish fashion, had pursued the bulls on fine horses. This became inelegant, and the day of the professional bullfighter had arrived. The mob took over, and we read of all kinds of absurd and brutal contests, as, for example, a large monkey against a bull dog or several monkeys against a bull. Dogs were sent into the ring to stir up the bull, and towards the end of the century the novilladas, or easier fights with young bulls, appear. The people as they were to be drawn by Goya and portrayed in the satirical farces of Ramon de la Cruz came into their own.

The scene was highly diverting, but Sir Benjamin Keene, British Minister at Madrid in the middle of the century, does not seem to have noticed it. The epicurean and solemn bachelor who writes to his beloved Portugal for wigs, and who can say:

> As we grow oldish, my Friend, it must cost us a wigg or two extraordinary to make ends for the wear and tear of our faces. It is a pity the effect is not more general, but alas . . .

might have remarked if he had had an eye, upon the common sight of public delousing which, undertaken by persons of opposite sex, was held to be proof of intimacy.

But the British Minister is more interesting as a character than as an observer. He longed for Cintra and Peña Verde, the estate on which Don John de Castro spent £10,000 raised on the security of his whiskers! He wanted the red ribbon of Bath and easy bachelor companionship, a game of cards in his own house, wine and not much work. But he was moved from the pleasures of Lisbon to the formal glooms of Castille, and at the ticklish period immediately following the peace of 1749. He was amusingly proud of his success at the Court, and, formality or no formality, the first thing he found himself discussing with the King and Queen was their relative avoirdupois. He says of the King that

> he is as stout and robust as those who love him can wish.

The King on being complimented on not being tired at a ball was pleased to say, nodding to the ladies, "that the cattle were." Most of the letters are written to Keene's beloved friend Castres in Portugal, and although they are occupied with the "shop," domestic and otherwise, of the embassies in a detail which is meaningless to the average reader, they are touched with the man's mild charm, his philosophical innocence. He likes a ridiculous story. There was old Bournonville, aged eighty-two, who shut himself up with his confessor and ate oranges, bacallao and "stinking oysters," and was puzzled by the ensuing indigestion. And Keene's remarks on the sex have an ingenuousness, a shrewdness, a moralising propriety.

> . . . I never met such a woman in my life. Both her age and mine do not let us be blind to either our defects; but I protest this is a lady of whom, with all my whimseys and short turns, I never could see or hear anything to be carped at! Such a mixture of sense and wit, dignity and affability, pride and humility in their proper places and degrees, joyned to a devilish good knowledge of the world, have made her the most agreeable and comfortable companion to me that can possibly be imagined. And thus, my friend, we go on parting with one another till we part for good and all, and then perhaps we meet again.

Keene did not believe in breaking customs, good or bad; and he preferred a few friends to many. One cannot help feeling an affection for the rather dull gentleman who wrote that paragraph. He is an excellent example of the worthy Englishman who can live on himself alone abroad, and be apparently unaware of anything beyond his comforts and his job. His collected letters have an illuminating introduction by the editor on the historical setting of the period. As he sadly remarks, a puritan has been at work in certain erasures here and there, in an effort to make the blameless Keene even more blameless. V. S. PRITCHETT

A LIVING DRAMATIST

Aristophanes. By GILBERT MURRAY. *Oxford University Press.* 7s. 6d.

I was first introduced to Aristophanes by a Dried Pea, a pedant of infinitely precise scholarship, in whom love for the varied uses of the aorist and the enclitic particle had taken the place of the natural juices of life. It was in the early days of the war when the Classical Sixth read Aristophanes, as it read Aeschylus and Plato, with a mind strictly directed towards grammar and away from drama, poetry or thought. How outraged the Dried Pea was when we laughed, as we sometimes did irrepressibly, at the obscenities of the *Clouds* and the *Knights!* (Needless to say we did not read the *Lysistrata*, and even a word like πέρδεται was hastily translated as "snores" by the Dried Pea). But the fact that Aristophanes was discussing the Peloponnesian war (and incidentally the European war), that his lampooning of Cleon could, without much difficulty, be applied to Horatio Bottomley and even Mr. Lloyd George, did penetrate our minds when class was over, and we rushed to Liddell and Scott to look up the words that the Dried Pea had thought more decently passed over, and to Frere's or Gilbert Murray's translations to discover what the words, which we had been analysing separately, really meant taken together as a scene in a play. It was a revelation. Aristophanes was meant to be funny and still was astonishingly, brilliantly funny; and when he attacked war, demagogy, informers, tariff starvation and all the cruelty and stupidity of aggressive nationalism, he was, we discovered in spite of the Dried Pea, a living, not a dead, author, speaking in a language we could understand. For he *Peace* I had no better translation than Bohn's, but it served to ake me with Trygaeus when he flew on his dung beetle to plead with Zeus for peace. I have not noticed whether Aristophanes is included in the list of authors prohibited in the German libraries, but the Nazis should be careful to ban not only his great war satires, but also Professor Gilbert Murray's new *Aristophanes* and his superb little study of war neurosis—in ancient Athens of course—entitled *Aristophanes and the War Party*.

Professor Murray's new volume is not propaganda, and it is not for the reader who knows nothing at all of ancient Greece. It presumes a general familiarity with classical literature and it uses Greek words, sometimes untranslated. But the scholarship is never obtruded, and the exposition of Aristophanes's courageous fight with familiar evils is so alive and so vivid that a man, like myself, who never knew much Greek (thanks partly to the Dried Pea and partly to my own laziness) may read it with sheer delight from the first chapter in which he discusses the phallic origin of comedy, through the social criticism of each of the Plays, down to the last chapter in which he explains how Aristophanes paved the way for Menander and a new type of Comedy. In his preface Professor Murray tells how he longed during the war for a Voltaire or an Erasmus, and how he has above all wished that Aristophanes might rise from the dead.

> Could he fight against our European war-fevers and nationalisms, as he fought against those of his own country, facing unpopularity—facing death, if it must be—yet always ready with his gallant laughter and never collapsing into spitefulness or mere self-pity? He might do it, if only the Fascists and Nazis and Ogpus could refrain from killing him, and the British authorities from forbidding him to land in England. The world badly needs a man of genius who could make whole nations listen to him, and who would at the same time fight for the great causes that seem now so nearly lost, for generosity and kindliness between nations and classes, for poetry and high culture—and even for something which the ancients called Piety—in the individual life.

Professor Murray has done as much as a man may to bring Aristophanes back to serve our generation as he served his own.

K.M.

THEATRICALS

The Producer and the Players. By EDWARD LEWIS. *Allen and Unwin.* 2s. 6d.

Scenic Equipment for the Small Stage. By R. ANGUS WILSON. *Allen and Unwin.* 2s. 6d.

The Theatre of Youth. By CHARLES THOMAS. With a Foreword by IRENE VANBRUGH. *Chapman and Hall.* 5s.

Theatre Prospect. By TYRONE GUTHRIE. With numerous illustrations. *Wishart.* 5s.

Of these little books, the first three have been written for amateurs by men who, as producer or lecturer or judge, have taken part in the movement which sends dramatic societies in their hundreds to compete for the Howard de Walden Cup. Perhaps the most impressive thing about them is the tacit assumption in all three that they are writing for serious students of a difficult art and not for a group of hysterical exhibitionists exploiting the financial needs of the local hospital for their own ignoble ends. Each writer has his own angle of approach. Mr. Lewis has chosen the hardest task, for he writes of the technique of acting—the producer gets scant attention from him—and this is a subject on which ten minutes of demonstration are worth many tens of pages of print. He gives simple but sound advice on elocution and gesture and "reactions" and so forth, but few producers will thank him for advising young actors to work out their conception of the whole play and of their own part before coming to rehearsal, and few dramatists will welcome the idea that the actor should fill out the character he is representing by suggesting aspects which "are not essential to the movement of the play" and which the author, though he "has done his best," has been obliged, by the nature of his plot, to omit. Mr. Wilson is concerned entirely with the mechanism of simple scenery, and he describes many useful "gadgets." His main aim seems to be to get the nearest approach to a box set, and his section on "architectural units" is much too short and unenterprising. He gives no guidance on that important and difficult question: What will pass the inspector? In fact, he concludes one section on materials with the remark that most of those described would be condemned by the fire authorities. Mr. Thomas is admirable. He is writing for the young—at least, that is what he says. One suspects that secretly he knows he can thus say things *for* the old that it would be hardly polite to say *to* the old. He covers the whole ground from the birth of the Society to the first night,

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and he says everything that needs saying and nothing that might better have been left unsaid. He shows what variety of effect can be produced in the simplest possible way with curtains and a few solid pieces, and provides a sheet of shapes which can be cut out for experiment. His theatre is a place of gaiety and freedom, hard work and invention, efficiency and general satisfaction. An excellent book.

Mr. Guthrie has a totally different theme, the future of the theatre, its relations with the cinema, and the prospects of running a London version of the New York Theatre Guild. He advocates the season-ticket method of raising funds, and believes it could be worked with between three and four thousand members, three-week runs, and seats at 5s. each. There would be a permanent company, two producers and a school of drama, dancing and music. Can it be done? Yes, if you find the man; for without him it is like ballet without Diaghileff, not necessarily a failure, but always precarious. Mr. Guthrie is fully aware of the seriousness of cinema competition, but he believes that the theatre's unique power of establishing reciprocal creative contact between actors and audience will preserve it a place, though perhaps a diminishing one. He seems, however, to underrate the competition of the ordinary commercial theatre. Compare music and the drama. In music stock programmes are composed of selected revivals with an occasional new work, and all new works are "modern" and appeal to the few. On the stage the repertoire consists of new works in the old manner—hardly ever "modern"—and an occasional revival. The new works—even good ones—may not be revived for years, if ever. The concert-goer is satisfied with an intelligent selection from a well-known field. If he takes a ticket for a series by the B.B.C., it does not worry him that the L.S.O. is offering a slightly different list of works. He is getting a representative programme, and that is his ration of orchestral music for the season. Only a minority is more exacting. But the theatre-goer will always find something on in London that he is anxious not to miss, something for which he will cut out one of the Theatre Guild revivals. He would like to see their producer do a Shakespeare, but he will do another next season. If not *Hamlet*, then *Othello*. So, unless he is prepared to increase his theatre ration, he will not buy a season ticket, but merely pick what he fancies as it comes, even if he has, as a non-member, to pay a little more for his seat. It is because of this competition that London is really less suitable for an adventure of this kind than Manchester or Birmingham or Cambridge. But we come back to the point from which we started. Find the man. Either you must sometimes achieve wonders which set all London talking, or else it must be common knowledge that you never let the public down. Then everything is possible.

ALL A MATTER OF LOVE

Birds from the Hide. By IAN M. THOMSON. *Black.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

My Birds. By W. H. DAVIES. *Cape.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The first and perhaps the nicest compliment one can pay to these two bird-lovers, is to say that they would delight in each other's books, for even though they haven't a bird in common as far as these books are concerned they share a spirit of tenderness and affectionate patience for birds which is touching in its fineness and genuineness. They are amateurs, both of them, as distinct from those professional ornithologists and naturalists who so often aroused W. H. Hudson's anger by their blindness and pedantry. "My study of birds," says Mr. Thomson, "is purely a hobby which takes me away into the wild and open spaces far from my professional surroundings." And Mr. Davies: "I would like to say at the beginning of this book that my knowledge of birds is very limited, and that the inward urge to write it is all a matter of love, and of no scientific value." "All a matter of love," indeed, describes the spirit of both books perfectly, for only love could have led Mr. Davies to watch so eagerly the commonplace tits and sparrows of his garden or could have kept Mr. Thomson for hours at a stretch in his little camouflaged hide watching and photographing the timidest and wildest species of the Norfolk marshes and northern moors.

Mr. Thomson is concerned only and always with birds. But no book or poem or sentence about anything by Mr. Davies could be quite what it seemed to be or set out to be. He is always full of a kind of angelic artfulness, a sort of sly simplicity, and *My Birds* is no exception. The book purports to be a series of essays about the birds which fetch the crumbs and worms from Mr. Davies' garden; but since birds are preyed upon by cats and since cats automatically remind one of dogs and since dogs and cats often fight and are in turn the pets of human beings, who in turn may write poems and wear top-hats and let lodgings to sailors who in turn keep parrots, there is a great deal in the book about cats, dogs, poets, top-hatters, landladies, sailors and parrots, and each chapter is embellished by a poem and very often two or three poems. This is indeed a sly pie, apparently so artless and plain, but in reality full of unexpected meats and sweets and subtly flavoured with the well-known Davies sauce and spice, the crust so light as only a poet's love can be and the garnishings as green and fresh as though just gathered from spring fields. Each slice tastes different. And yet, analysing it, one observes that it has been compounded by the commonest ingredients: nothing more than a sparrow or two, a few tits and thrushes, four-and-twenty blackbirds, an old rook, an owl, a cheeky robin, some starlings. Nothing so exalted even as a bullfinch. Not even a skylark. Only the passing mention of a nightingale. "How does this fellow," Conrad said of Hudson, "get his effects? He writes as the grass grows." Likewise Mr. Davies, except that he writes as the birds sing.

The ornithologists will laugh at Mr. Davies, with his common sparrows and mischievous robins. And they may very well be angry with Mr. Thomson, who has upset some theories of theirs and has had the wit and luck to make discoveries which have eluded them. He is an independent and ambitious bird-watcher, working in his own way and taking as his subjects some of the rarest of British species. On the Norfolk marshes he has observed, always from the cunning seclusion of his hide, the bittern, water-rail, Montagu's harrier, bearded tit, short-eared owl and great crested grebe, in every case observing the birds at the mating-period and also photographing them, their eggs and their young. The photographs are an absolute delight: intimate close-ups of some of the shyest of bird-stars. The love-scene of the Montagu harriers is unique, since the cock is rarely seen at the nest in the hen's presence, and the shot has turned out "to be a record, so far never repeated." The short-eared owls and their young provide a comic scene in which the young owls are seen filling the nest like thistle-down, with the nest itself circled by a neat row of decapitated field-voles. The northern birds, tufted duck, curlews, red-throated divers, skuas, have provided some arresting and lovely pictures. And the only three humble little persons, the skylark, long-tailed titmouse and bullfinch, have a shy sweetness in their pictures that would delight Mr. Davies.

The book itself, apart from the photographs, has these merits: it is short and pithy, its writing is lucid and free of all boast and bombast, and it is obviously the result of many seasons of intelligent and careful observation. It smells of the wild air too, and it has no pedantry or latinisms or obscure technicalities about it. Indeed, like Mr. Davies' pie, it's all a matter of love.

H. E. BATES

THE MEDIEVAL PULPIT

Literature and Pulpit in Medieval England. By G. R. OWST. *Cambridge University Press.* 30*s.*

In this remarkable book Mr. Owst continues the inquiry which he began seven years ago, in his earlier study of *Preaching in Medieval England*. The English sermon literature of the Middle Ages, he then argued, is of importance alike to the social, the ecclesiastical and the literary historian; but all three have to a great extent neglected it. Long after continental historians had recognised its value, we in England, except for a mild interest in *exempla*, ignored it. In the present book Mr. Owst complains over and over again of the arbitrary selection of letters by literary historians, "ignoring the vast literature of those whom current ages were wont to regard as *the* literati," and of sources by social historians, clinging to official records and ignoring literary remains. He himself has read hundreds of sermons and homiletic tracts. Some are the work of famous preachers like Archbishop Fitzralph of Armagh, or Bishop Brunton of Rochester, or of encyclopedists like the Dominican Bromyard, whose *Summa Predicantium* is the complete sermon-writer of the Middle Ages. Others are by anonymous authors. The great majority are still lying unpublished in libraries all over the country; and Mr. Owst promises us a bibliography of them at some future date. Meanwhile, he presents us with a second instalment of his conclusions and wisely illustrates it with ample quotations.

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It is only by exacting standards that Mr. Barnes's poem can be judged a failure. It is a decent, competent, and honourable narrative-impression of the war, with one exciting description of a western front offensive, and with a most convincing defence of war as a means to valued states of mind. But, though the verse form suits the matter perfectly well, the general effect of the work is that of prose. We are presented with facts and impressions from which to draw conclusions; there is no very important immediate effect of the words on the reader. The book is one which anyone who wishes to make up his mind about war in general would do well to read, but it is not important poetry.

Mr. James's really magnificent edition de luxe, with its decorations by Rex Whistler and its fine printing, seems to a literary reviewer a sufficiently convincing imitation of the eighteenth century. Possibly a painter might find Mr. James's poems equally convincing as imitations of the great romantics. Unfortunately Mr. James has a badly controlled sense of humour which he seems not to be able to make use of in the modern metaphysical manner, and which upsets his romantic effects. He has also allowed himself far too many weak, pretentious-ineffective lines; the whole book has an air of having been insufficiently corrected.

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mountains, peasants and virtue, while Mr. Gibson is sentimental in a less unpleasant fashion about schoolboys, and silly about the Church of England and bad metaphysics. He has, however, like Mr. James, a fair proportion of isolated lines that show a certain natural talent.

Mr. Aaronson is a more serious and considerable writer, and should have plenty of success with those who want to be "modern" without losing any of the familiar comforts of romantic sentiment. He has, of course, read his Eliot and Lawrence, has even dipped into his Auden and Empson, and is up to all the latest tricks. But the reader is quite safe—there will be nothing to puzzle him, and all the right poetic emotions will be exhibited. The hunger marchers in Trafalgar Square move him to

> Remember, heart, the spears
> That let your God flow easily to you.
> That day released your pain to be all pain,
> And all this pain is yours.

If not the opium of the people, at any rate aspirin for the bourgeois.

Miss Lanyon Lanyon is of a lower type, the poetic equivalent of the magazine short story. God, Love and Nature, each with an "original" twist, the final degradation of the "Georgian" formula, Miss Lanyon Lanyon's poems are the sort of thing that the *Manchester Guardian* seems to think a "fabric of creative art" (according to the publishers' blurb). To those who fail to appreciate them they seem revolting.

That Mr. Wolfe is a poetaster, the slickest and most convincing living, has become obvious, though Mr. Wolfe himself unfortunately holds another opinion. But it is worth remembering the number of eminent critics who have believed him to be a genius. He has declined since his early lyrics through trying to support that view with a "philosophy of life" that is not only false and incomprehensible but, a more serious defect in a poet, boring. It has also led him, in this latest work, into a display of bad-tempered attempt at satire which is singularly unsuccessful. But on the whole the trick has not changed, and it still remains a wonderfully convincing imitation of poetry. If Mr. Wolfe had not given himself away by his "impassioned" romantic sentiment and his endless talk about "Love" we might still be convinced by his lyrics. His ingenious disintegrations of the swinging romantic metre, his extraordinarily skilful prosaicisms, dropping at exactly the right place and time to what is low enough to be convincing and yet romantic enough not to interrupt the tone, his rushed and "passion-blurred" ecstatics—Mr. Wolfe is not, I think, a poet, but he can manage a great deal of the apparatus of poetry so as to get his effects. Only, the tricks are rather too certainly tricks, and the blurring of the emotions is too frequent—and sometimes too pretentious—so that we begin to feel that the poet is trying to pass off on us as genuine and valuable an emotion that will not bear inspection—that is only sentimentality and memories of the romantic poets. Compare with its original

> not image, nor similitude,
> but a cool spring in a green wood,
> alone of all that mind has sought
> the pattern of consummate thought.

That Mr. Wolfe contradicts himself matters very little, but that he can do so without its being noticed is a symptom of suspicious vagueness. For compare the precise restrained adequacy of Marvell (the lyric from which these lines come is an explicit imitation of the "Garden") with the pompous vagueness of "similitude" and "consummate," the surprise and vividness of "A green thought in a green shade" with the romantic simplesse, the poetic "loveliness" of "a cool spring in a green wood." The worst of Mr. Wolfe's tricks are that they are nothing but tricks, fatally easy for the poet or anyone else to learn.

> No, not enough; for a poem unpetals its effortless
> gold idea that outvoyages Vasco de Gama
> who Columbussed beyond horizons and found them profitless,
> . . . . . .
> it will not be, like those old sonneteers
> who took young love and shook him by the throat,
> and, through the Main of Heaven, buccaneers
> with looted stars, as with a pencil, wrote.
> Here will be only the ingredients
> of sorrow as we knew it, and of joy
> that mixed by the extreme apothecary
> return as sharp with their remembered scents
> as when the phantom haycocks came to Troy
> with the nostalgic sweet of Argos starry.
> . . . . . .
> Aye; after Death's dumb Derby, all we asses
> shall run in a race where everyone's a winner;
> And the obliging bay-trees on Parnassus
> will wave their branches in a glib hosanna.

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SHORTER NOTICES

Modern English Poetry (1882-1932). By R. L. MÉGROZ. *Nicholson and Watson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Mégroz begins by asking whether poets should be treated as individuals or as "social phenomena," and as the result apparently of a calculation of the number of poets who come into his period ("200 distinct and distinctive poets"), and the difficulty of getting them all into one volume, he decides to deal chiefly in movements. He makes a rough division into "Decadence" and "Anti-Decadence," with other categories of "Dream Poets," "Simple Poetry," "Nature Poetry," etc. These classifications are so adaptable that Hardy, "who can be so easily placed in different contexts," is placed under "Anti-Decadence" and again, rather strangely, under "The Poetry of Dream." The facility with which Mr. Mégroz effects transitions from one poet to another may be illustrated by a few sentences:

> Hardy is one of the most imaginative of poets. His curious thoughts are but outlets for the questing imagination. Walter de la Mare is akin to him in this, and so is Edward Thomas, whose diction also has some of the simple necessity of Hardy's. . . .

This sort of writing, which might perhaps be classified as the "Criticism of Dream," leads delightfully anywhere, and in spite of Mr. Mégroz's air of common sense it is typical of the book. As a critical raconteur, enjoying the club atmosphere of a lot of poets who are all amazingly good "mixers," he has merits. Information is given plainly, common sense rather than imagination is made the foot-rule, and there is an agreeable mixture of enthusiasm. Yet even his enthusiasm can produce astonishing blunders. In the chapter on "Technical Developments," twelve pages are given to a discussion of Hopkins's metrical innovations. *The Loss of the Eurydice* is quoted as a comparatively simple example of "sprung rhythm." "Nothing could be simpler," exclaims Mr. Mégroz enthusiastically, and he quotes seven stanzas in which he manages to accentuate wrongly twenty-one out of the twenty-four lines. It makes rather nonsense of his arguments. Also, it makes one suspect how much of his book has been compiled by secondhand, or at any rate careless, methods.

Reprieved!

A third or fourth (we are never quite sure which to say) leader in *The Times* a month ago, entitled 'The New Suit,' would give us, if we chose, enough "copy" for the rest of the year. A line or two we must take from it.

"Springtime's suggestion of new clothes for old is so well-worn a theme that it is almost as threadbare as some of the apparel to which it calls unkind attention. . . . The searching sunshine brings it home to even the most stubborn opponent of a change that at last something must be done about it. . . . So, sooner or later, under this or that compulsion—the stern ultimatum of the domestic despot or an inexplicable uprush of shame in a heart which seemed dead to decency—the worst must be endured. The old suit must go."

Well, you have been granted a reprieve! As we write, it is exceptional to see a man out-of-doors without an overcoat. Yet a week earlier, anybody in an overcoat would have been regarded as a 'stuffy' individual or an invalid, and that was so for several weeks.

Maybe, your reprieve will expire before these words are in print, and then what about it? We are glad to say that several readers of this paper and other customers of Goss have seen the red light! Their spring and summer clothes are either in the making or have been delivered. If by chance you pass along Newgate Street just now you will see an array of Goss Suits, in various stages of completion, hanging over the brass rail in Gosses' first floor window. Yours ought to be there very soon. Procrastination, in this case, is the thief of comfort!

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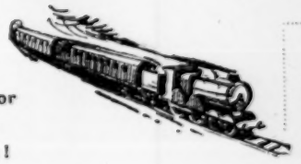

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The Finance of Government. RT. HON. JOHN W. HILLS, M.P. and E. A. FELLOWES. *Philip Allan* 8s. 6d.

This admirably clear survey and analysis of governmental finance appears conveniently for the student—though less so, one imagines, for the author—after the publication of the minutes of evidence of the Committee on Public Procedure and before its long-delayed report. It is descriptive rather than critical or constructive, and wide issues of policy are wisely left out. Major Hills and his collaborator have steered a successful middle course between dry statement devoid of illuminating generalities and tempting excursions into fields in which their qualifications are inadequate; occasionally they beg an economic question, such as that high taxation is a deterrent to enterprise, and Major Hills makes no secret of his dislike for Appropriations in Aid; but it is easy to disentangle opinion from fact, and this book should be no less welcome to the advocates of sweeping change in Parliamentary and departmental procedure than to the orthodox. There are one or two omissions and unexplained technicalities. The chapter on "Great Britain's Currency System" contains no mention of the Exchange Equalisation Fund; and what, to the average layman, is "to hold on imprest"? Chapters II and IV, describing the relations of different officials, would be a great deal clearer if the text were supplemented by actual diagrams showing at a glance who is responsible to whom; and similarly, a calendar of the normal year's financial activities would be useful to Chapters III. and V. But these are minor criticisms of an eminently useful work.

Europe in the 19th and 20th Centuries, 1789-1932. By A. J. GRANT and H. W. V. TEMPERLEY. *Longmans.* 12s. 6d.

As originally issued this work provided a useful and also readable outline history of international relations during the period from the French Revolution until 1914. After 1914 the changed European conditions have rendered the subject incapable of similar treatment. Indeed, the change is so complete that it is doubtful if any real advantage is gained by bringing this work up to date. However, faced with the task, the authors have added sections of the great war and the Peace Treaties with their ethnographical sequels lucidly worked out, and include three chapters in which are found summarised conclusions on topics suggested by the historical part. These chapters deal with the progress of parliamentary and representative institutions, militarism and movements towards disarmament and peace. The three subjects are appropriately chosen, but a fuller and less obvious discussion of any one of them would have been more useful than the meagre treatment they now receive. The sections on the war and the changes since effected in Europe, on the other hand, are ample and excellent.

DRAMA!

Can he go through with it? He lifts the blade and gingerly tests its edge. It had seemed easy planning days ahead, but his nerve fails him now the time has arrived. He thinks of people who suffer agony all their lives because of the very same thing . . . . He can't! He won't! But no, it is too late now to change his mind. Mentally he squares his shoulders and he turns to pick up the blade which seemed to glitter menacingly in the morning sunlight—he's gone too far now, and can do nothing but go through with it. Footsteps are heard growing nearer, he braces himself for the act, the door opens . . .

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

WITH two cycles of the *Ring* before us and with the Brahms centenary surrounding us on all sides, it is delicious to play truant for a day and put on Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* which has just been issued by H.M.V. on fifteen records in album (C 2519–33 also available in coupled sequence). This is one of the most perfect examples of the Italian school of opera and suffers far less than the more dramatic operas from the inevitable hiatuses of gramophone listening. The usual spot-lighting of the voice by the microphone here matters little, as the musical interest is almost exclusively centred in the gay and exquisite vocal line. The four principals are excellent, the rare incursions of the chorus are sung with spirit, the conductor is Carlo Sabajno, and, taken all round, this album is the most successful and enjoyable of the many operas issued by H.M.V. It is a curious comment on recent reactions in musical taste that this opera can be issued cheek by jowl with Wagner, and that one can praise it warmly without (I hope) being considered a cretinous eccentric. At the height of the Wagnerian movement Donizetti and Bellini were looked upon as rather bad jokes, and I can well remember the astonishment that was caused when a reasoned defence and appreciation of Bellini was written a few years ago by Mr. Cecil Gray. Since then Verdi has ousted Wagner in popularity even in Germany, and we are perhaps too ready to emphasise the clarity, purity, and gaiety of the Italian style at the expense of the *longueurs* of the *Ring*. Donizetti (who, incidentally, is the only man to have an entire volume of the British Museum catalogue devoted to his works) is to-day probably a stronger influence on the younger composers than Wagner. Although it would be childish to try to minimise the importance of the Wagnerian operatic revolution, we can see that it was not so destructive of previous ideals as his followers undoubtedly hoped. We should beware, however, of thinking that the present wave of enthusiasm for the Italian school will capsize Wagner any more than he capsized Rossini. Let us put musical politics on one side and listen to the serenade (*Com' è gentil*) from *Don Pasquale*—the perfect example of the Italian faculty of transforming the barrel-organ into Jubal's lyre.

* * *

Mussorgsky's *Pictures from an Exhibition* is one of those works which though fascinating to play to oneself do not quite come off in the concert hall. At a piano recital one is conscious of the somewhat awkward and unpianistic treatment of the keyboard, and yet when the orchestral suggestions implicit in the work are transcribed into actuality the result is a little scrappy for a symphony concert. The gramophone records of Ravel's orchestral arrangement (Boston Symphony Orchestra under Kussevitsky, H.M.V. four 12in. DB 1890–3) thus provide what is probably the best method of appreciating this work. There are, I believe, several orchestrations of this suite, but the only two I have heard are Ravel's (once played by Kussevitsky in London) and Sir Henry Wood's. Sir Henry's is more brutal, more Slavonic, and in some ways more effective than Ravel's, but it lacks such fine *trouvailles* as the use of the upper register of the tuba in *Bydlo*, the high arabesques on muted trumpet to represent the cringing Schmuyle, and the unexpected but surprisingly effective introduction of the saxophone in *Il Vecchio Castello*. Ravel's version also has the advantage of being practically complete and including the important interlinking movements based on the opening promenade, the only cuts being twenty-six bars in *Il Vecchio Castello* and the curious recapitulation in the middle of the work of the first promenade movement, (an odd touch whose only explanation would appear to be urethrical).

The least effective moment is the middle section of the *Great Gate at Kieff* which sounds far better on the piano. This is but one more proof of the undoubted fact that realistic imitations on the piano of such instruments as bells and drums lose all their brilliance and subtlety when transferred to the actual timbres they evoke. The performance is brilliant and the recording fails us on only one occasion (at the end of Catacombae where the sombre clash of the B in the bass cannot be heard). On the final side is Debussy's *Sarabande*, also orchestrated by Ravel, a rather disjunct and over-rhetorical performance.

* * *

This month has produced a spate of classical recordings with which I cannot possibly deal in detail, as a mere enumeration of them would more than fill this column (a device from which I have, with characteristic honesty, refrained). Most of them are in connection with the Brahms centenary, and as I am no great

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Brahmsian I can hardly expect my preferences to weigh with his devotees. Giving them for what they are worth though, I have found most pleasure in the lyrical and intimate performance by Lionel Tertis and Harriet Cohen of the F minor clarinet sonata transcribed for viola (Columbia three 12in. LX225–7) and in the splendidly virile playing of Backhaus in a group of the piano works (H.M.V. seven 12in. DB 1894–1900, of which the B minor rhapsody op. 79 No. 1 is especially good).

Brahms seems to me to be far more successful in works on a small scale than in his symphonic and large scale works, though even in the shorter pieces he often seems no more able to achieve organic continuity than an admittedly minor composer like Grieg.

Of the non-Brahmsian classical records the most engaging is a beautifully performed but disappointingly short selection from Handel's *Origin of Design* ballet music (Columbia one 12in. LX224, The London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham).

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 19.—THE BOATING PICNIC

Four girls accompanied their fathers and mothers on a boating picnic. Four boats were available and it was arranged that each man should take charge of one boat and take with him in turn the wife of one of his friends and the daughter of another, and that no two women should be together in a boat more than once. Before lunch Smith had Mrs. Brown in his boat, and after lunch Brown took Miss Smith in his boat. The picnic was a great success until after tea, when most unfortunately Smith's boat collided with Robinson's and Miss Brown was thrown into the water.

Who were the companions of Jones on each of the three occasions on which he took out a boat?

PROBLEM 17.—A LEAP IN THE DARK

Grabbem's chance of getting through to Frogton is $\frac{231}{4096}$.

Denote the stations in the towns by a, b, c, d and those on the by-pass roads by A, B, C, D. It will make no difference in the working of the solution if it is assumed that the armed police are at the f stations. The chances that Flash is caught at one or other of the st are $\frac{1}{2}$ for a, $\frac{1}{4}$ for b, $\frac{1}{8}$ for c and $\frac{1}{16}$ for d; the chance that he is not c is $\frac{1}{16}$.

If Flash is caught at a, the chances that Smash is caught are o $\frac{1}{2}$ for b, $\frac{1}{4}$ for c, and $\frac{1}{8}$ for d; the chance that he is not caught Similarly, if Flash is caught at b, the chances of Smash being c are $\frac{1}{4}$, 0, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, and of not being caught $\frac{1}{8}$. We can now write dow table of the joint probabilities in which the figure in any square probability that Flash is caught at the station represented by the and Smash at that represented by the column in which the square s

Flash	Smash					
	a	b	c	d	Not caught	To for
a	—	$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{16}$	$\frac{1}{16}$	
b	$\frac{1}{8}$	—	$\frac{1}{16}$	$\frac{1}{32}$	$\frac{1}{32}$	
c	$\frac{1}{16}$	$\frac{1}{32}$	—	$\frac{1}{64}$	$\frac{1}{64}$	
d	$\frac{1}{32}$	$\frac{1}{64}$	$\frac{1}{128}$	—	$\frac{1}{128}$	$\frac{1}{1}$
Not caught	$\frac{1}{32}$	$\frac{1}{64}$	$\frac{1}{128}$	$\frac{1}{128}$	$\frac{5}{256}$	$\frac{1}{1}$
Totals for Smash	$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{5}{16}$	$\frac{13}{64}$	$\frac{29}{256}$	$\frac{231}{256}$	

Thus, for example, the probability that Smash is caught at the station is $\frac{13}{64}$, of which $\frac{1}{16}$ represented the probability that his follows on that of Flash at the second station.

Grabbem may take any one of sixteen routes, all of which are eq likely. He will evade arrest if he takes the route represented by A, B, He will also evade arrest if he takes any one of the four routes o type a, B, C, D, provided that Flash or Smash has been arrested a station represented by the small letter, or if he takes any of th routes of the type a, b, C, D, provided that Flash and Smash have arrested at the stations represented by the two small letters in the c sponding combination. Grabbem's chance of getting to Frogt accordingly

$$\tfrac{1}{16}\left[1+\left\{\left(\tfrac{1}{2}+\tfrac{1}{4}\right)+\left(\tfrac{1}{4}+\tfrac{5}{16}\right)+\left(\tfrac{1}{8}+\tfrac{13}{64}\right)+\left(\tfrac{1}{16}+\tfrac{29}{256}\right)\right\}\right.$$
$$+\left\{\left(\tfrac{1}{4}+\tfrac{1}{8}\right)+\left(\tfrac{1}{8}+\tfrac{1}{16}\right)+\left(\tfrac{1}{16}+\tfrac{1}{32}\right)+\left(\tfrac{1}{16}+\tfrac{1}{32}\right)+\left(\tfrac{1}{32}+\tfrac{1}{64}\right)\right.$$
$$\left.\left.+\left(\tfrac{1}{64}+\tfrac{1}{128}\right)\right\}\right]=\tfrac{231}{4096}.$$

The solver should avoid a false argument on the following There are 16 possible routes open to Smash. In 8 of them he p A and in 4 of them he passes a, so the chance that Flash was arr at a is $\frac{1}{2}$. Then out of the 12 in which he has so far evaded arre will take route B on 6 occasions and route b on 6, so that his chan evading arrest at the second station is $\frac{6}{16}+\frac{6}{16}\times\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{12}{32}$ and his ch of arrest is $\frac{9}{32}$. But this argument assumes that the chances of on each of the 12 occasions are equally likely. Actually on 4 of occasions when Smash passes A, Flash has not been arrested at a the chance of Smash getting past b on 4 occasions accordingly d from that in the remaining 8.

PROBLEM 16.—MEDDLING PRYOR

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to:
Miss A. K. Lewis, 14, The Paragon, S.E.3.
There were 151 correct and 13 incorrect solutions.
Seven points are awarded for this problem.

Solvers who have scored 100 points may now submit claims for p To facilitate checking, will claimants please state the *numbers* o problems they have correctly solved? Will they also please me what books they would like to receive as prizes?

PRIZE AWARDS.

Prizes are awarded on the following basis:—

1. One set of Low's cartoons each week.
2. Prizes for all who care to earn them, on a *cumulative point bas*
   (1) Each week's problem carries a certain number of points, va from 3 to 10. A register is kept of all correct solutions in, and the points scored by solvers are totalled we *Solvers at the same time keep their own records.* As soo a solver has scored 100 points, he may claim for a p The prize is *any book*, not exceeding 10s. 6d. in value viewed or advertised in our columns.
   (2) The number of points awarded for each problem depend part upon my estimate of its difficulty, and in part upo number of correct solutions sent in. I announce the value of each problem three weeks after setting it, tog with the winner of Low's cartoons.
   (3) A solver who has won a prize under this scheme may at set about winning another. But the second time he be handicapped by having to reach a larger total.

CALIB

STRANGE FORMS OF RHEUMATISM

How many readers are there who experience frequent and painful headaches, whose digestion is all wrong, whose liver and kidneys are constantly giving trouble, whose sleep is restless and unrefreshing, who worry unnecessarily over trifles, have frequent miserable fits of depression, always feel jaded and old, but who never think of associating these ailments with rheumatism? Yet in nine cases out of ten these symptoms are due to an excess of uric acid in the system.

Chronic rheumatism in the joints, muscular rheumatism in the shoulders and back, lumbago, backache, sciatica in the thighs and neuritis in the arms are all caused by accumulations of tiny needle-pointed crystals of uric acid in the tissues. Take a remedy capable of clearing the system of excess uric acid, of dissolving these uric acid deposits away, and your pain and stiffness will speedily disappear and your general health will immediately improve. The best and safest remedy for the purpose is Bishop's Varalettes. If you suffer from rheumatism, Bishop's Varalettes offer you the surest means of getting rid of it, for they will dissolve all rheumatic deposits and wash them out of your system.

When Varalettes are taken they are at once absorbed into the blood and carried to the remotest parts of the system. Their penetrating action is greater than that of uric acid itself, so that not the tiniest atom can escape their solvent power. Each torturing needle is attacked, rendered soluble, then dissolved and carried away in the circulation, and finally flushed out of the body through the natural channel, the kidneys.

With its departure, pain and inflammation disappear, the muscles regain their elasticity and suppleness, swollen joints are reduced to normal size and flexibility, stiffness and lameness depart, and the system is free.

Bishop's Varalettes may be obtained of all chemists, at 1s. 6d., 3s. and 7s., or post free from Alfred Bishop, Ltd., 48, Spelman Street, London, E.1, from whom a very helpful booklet and plain guide to dieting can be had gratis by sending a postcard for Booklet NS. This booklet corrects many fallacious opinions on the subject of diet, and will prove most enlightening to all who are subject to rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis, lumbago, gout, etc., and who are uncertain as to whether they ought to diet.

Bishop's Varalettes (REGD)

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COMPANY MEETING

ODHAMS PRESS

Increased Net Profit

The thirteenth annual general meeting of Odhams Press, Ltd., was held on Friday, April 28th, at the Connaught Rooms, London, W.C.

Mr. W. J. B. Odhams (the Chairman) said that the net profit for the year was £292,197 against £276,272 for 1931. The satisfaction felt by that result would have been enhanced by a perusal of the ten years' records of which those were the concluding figures. During the year the company had acquired the goodwill of the London section of the printing business of Messrs. Wyman and Sons, Ltd., by means of which important additions had been made to the long list of journals already printed by them. Those publications, daily, weekly, and monthly, now numbered sixty, and the number of single copies of the various publications issued from their offices in London and Manchester totalled the tremendous figure of nearly one thousand million a year, probably sufficient for one copy a week for each adult member of the population of the United Kingdom.

The net sales of the "People" considerably exceeded 3,000,000 copies per issue, and by the amalgamation of Endell Street Estates, Ltd., and Long Acre Press, Ltd., the net profits of the paper now accrued direct to the coffers of Odhams Press. The net sales of "John Bull" were largely in excess of 1,500,000 copies per issue, and there had been a substantial increase on the figures over those of 1931. The "Daily Herald" had now reached a profit-earning stage. The daily net sales were now in excess of 1,685,000 copies.

In the world to-day he would be a brave man who ventured a prophecy far ahead, but he thought they could honestly congratulate themselves on the attainment to a position from which they might face the future with quiet confidence.

As to the immediate future, they were proposing to make an issue of additional capital concerning which they had received a few suggestions from shareholders and others. One of the few comments they had received was that the advance in profits was accompanied by a considerable increase in the money employed in the business. That was, of course, true; but they welcomed the criticism. With that new capital they had increased, they had been continually increasing, the basis of stability of the business.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and a final dividend of 10 per cent., making 15 per cent. for the year on the Ordinary shares, was declared. At a subsequent extraordinary general meeting and class meetings resolutions giving effect to the reduction in the rate of the "A" Preference dividend and increasing the capital of the company were carried unanimously.

COMPANY MEETING

FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY LIFE

Funds of Group exceed £11,000,000

The annual general meeting of the Friends' Provident and Century Life Office was held on Wednesday last at Winchester House, Old Broad Street.

Mr. Harold J. Morland, M.A., J.P., F.C.A. (the chairman), who presided, said: The new life business of our organisation is transacted mainly through the Friends' Provident, but as a portion is issued by the Century's life department, I propose to deal with the aggregate new business returns. The new life assurances of the group were £1,522,882, which was £89,760 less than for 1931. It is gratifying to report that the mortality experience was particularly favourable. As stated in the report, the amount of claims incurred was only 60 per cent. of the amount "expected."

In the life revenue account the premium income increased by £17,662, but larger single premiums accounted for £14,724, so that the annual premiums were £2,938 more. Continued attention has been given, under present circumstances, to the reduction of expenses, and it is satisfactory to report that the expenses were £10,624 less in amount and 2.4 per cent. less in ratio to premium income.

The accounts of the Century Insurance Co. are, as usual, appended to the accounts of the office. During the year the net depreciation of investments has been reduced by £157,521, and now stands at £101,527. The trading results for the year were not unsatisfactory, and profits of £25,729 were transferred to profit and loss account from the fire and accident and general accounts.

The funds continue to progress rapidly, and for the group at the close of the year exceeded £11,000,000 for the first time, while the annual income is £2,500,000. The first 100 years has been completed, and we commence the second century well equipped and organised to pursue our aim of faithful service to our members.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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THIS EXHIBITION is a literary and topographical survey of Great Britain, showing the intimate connection between books and the countryside.
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE FRENCH CREDIT—WALL STREET DELUSIONS—TIN AND SILVER—NEW ISSUES

THE £30,000,000 sterling credit (six months at 2½ per cent.) arranged for the French Treasury by a group of British banks headed by Lazard Brothers has received so many ingenious explanations that the real one, which is simple enough, is in danger of being overlooked. The 1933 French Budget is not yet on the statute book and the Treasury, which is painfully short of cash, cannot borrow from the Bank of France without an extension of its borrowing powers. Of course, the Treasury could borrow from the national banks, but in this period of currency uncertainty the private banks in France are not anxious to add to their holdings of Treasury bills. So the French Treasury has practically been forced to look for help across the Channel. It so happened that a banking credit for France suited the book of the British authorities. The British Government is anxious to prevent a rise in the exchange value of sterling, but cannot go on indefinitely converting into gold the francs bought against the sale of sterling without endangering the gold position of the Bank of France. The banking credit has therefore helped the operations of our Exchange Equalisation Account without hurting France. Sterling has fallen in keeping with the fall in the dollar, France has avoided a loss of gold, and the French Treasury has got some relief. The immediate result of the transaction was a fall in our sterling-franc rate (sterling being offered against francs) and a rise in the sterling price of gold to 124s. 6d. It was rather foolish of the gold share market to get excited about so fleeting a monetary event as the French Treasury credit.

* * *

The " inflation bill " having passed both Houses of Congress, we may review the astonishing boom in American commodity and security markets. Of course, the whole movement is mad—a sign of hysteria which could scarcely have happened elsewhere. A rush out of cash into " tangibles " (commodities and securities) is not usually resorted to except in the last stages of an uncontrolled inflation when currency is depreciating by the hour. To behave as if the dollar is going the way of the old German mark just because the President has been given powers to reduce the gold content of the dollar, to expand credit or issue notes up to $3,000 millions and to remonetise silver, is worthy of the silly season. Nevertheless, it has its importance. The slump is just as likely to be overcome by a chance act of silliness as by concerted action of an intelligent kind. Devaluation of the dollar does not necessitate a rise in prices, but if the Americans frighten themselves into higher prices by a complete misunderstanding of the position so much the better. The following table shows the extent to which commodity prices have already risen since March 3rd (before the banking moratorium) and April 18th (the day before the American suspension of the gold standard) :—

	March 3rd. (Cents.)	April 18th. (Cents.)	May 2nd. (Cents.)
Wheat (per bushel), May ..	48⅜	62⅝	70½
Cotton (per lb.), May ..	6.26	6.73	7.97
Sugar (per lb.), May ..	0.93	1.19	1.42
Rubber (per lb.), May ..	3.06	3.70	4.27
Tin (per lb.)	23.75	26.25	32.50
Copper (per lb.)	5.00	5.25	6.75

The security markets have kept pace with the commodity markets, but the rise has been of a selective kind. For example, if we take the index of the Standard Statistics for 404 American equities (337 industrials, 33 rails and 34 utilities), we find that it is only back to the level of December, 1931 :—

	Dec. 31st, 1931.	June 30th, 1932.	Dec. 23rd, 1932.	April 26th, 1933.
404 American equities...	55.3	32.8	49.1	53.7

If, however, we take commodity equities, that is, equities of companies possessing large inventories of raw materials, we find more remarkable rises :—

	Prices 1933.			% Rise.
	Lowest.	May 1st.	Present.	Lowest to Highest.
Kennecott Copper	7⅜	16⅞	16⅝	+127.12
Anaconda Copper	5	12⅛	12⅜	+147.5
International Nickel ..	6¾	14⅛	13½	+111.11
American Smelting	10⅜	31	28⅞	+188.37
American Sugar Refining ..	21½	51	49½	+137.21
U.S. Industrial Alcohol ..	13¼	28⅞	26⅞	+117.92
National Lead	43¼	89½	87½	+106.94

Business indices are already better, but has not the rise in secu prices discounted a very much larger increase in earnings tha probable this year? The market appears to be in a hig dangerous condition. Nevertheless, until it is known to w extent President Roosevelt will exercise his monetary powers speculators will go on cheerfully misunderstanding inflation.

* * *

In the commodity markets tin and silver are both in an in esting condition. It is evident that President Roosevelt int to help the silver producer (an election campaign deal betw the wealthy Republicans who own the silver mines and the De cratic Party is hinted at). Various schemes have been propo such as payment of a proportion of war debts in silver, a pa remonetisation of silver and raising the silver content of si coinage. It is rumoured that an agreement was reached betw Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in Washington on silver question. If so, the shares of such silver producers as Bu Corporation and San Francisco Mines of Mexico (now cl down) will rise. A rigid adherence to the international restric scheme and a gradual expansion in consumption have impro the statistical position of tin. Demand is now greater than sup The restriction scheme began in March, 1931, when the suppl tin was 24,000 tons a year in excess of consumption. In six mo the excess supply disappeared and, according to the statistics of Anglo-Oriental Mining Corporation, demand is now greater t supply by some 1,500 tons per month or at the rate of 18,000 a year. A wave of buying recently developed in the United St where consumers, finding themselves short, took fright at prospect of a rise in commodity prices. Deliveries of tin in United States jumped from 3,330 tons in March to 4,555 ton April. The following figures give the world visible sup including " carry-over " in the Straits Settlement, at the end each month this year :—

Total World Visible Supply of Tin (in tons), 1933.			
End Jan.	End Feb.	End March.	End April.
53,921	52,346	51,458	49,663

Stocks will be further reduced now that an output quota of 33⅓ per cent of 1929 has been fixed as from July 1st. The c price of tin has risen sharply from an average of £149 in Marc £172 10s. per ton this week. When the price has averaged £1 ton for one month, the tin pool, if there is not less than a 40 cent. output quota, can begin realising 1,000 tons of its holdi But this is a long way ahead if the new output quota of 33⅓ cent. is to be fixed for six months. Tin shares are notorio speculative, but for an interest in the tin industry generally would call attention to British Tin Corporation 10s. shares quoted at 11s. This Company, which is managed by the Ama mated Metal group, has 72 per cent. of its investments in sh of Ayer Hitam, Consolidated Tin Smelters, Hong Kong, Kam ting, London Tin, Malayan Tin Dredging, Pengkalen, Petal Southern Malayan, Southern Tronoh, Tekka-Taiping, and Tro Mines. Its policy is never to deal in the metal. Its investm were acquired at deflated prices.

* * *

The recent issue of debentures of J. Sears & Co. affords example of the curious calculations which so often appear new issue prospectuses. It is stated that the debenture interes covered 5½ times by profits in 1932. No mention is made of fact that nearly half of the profits is derived from the holdin ordinary shares in Freeman Hardy & Willis, or of the fact t this subsidiary has issues of £200,000 debentures and £750, preference shares which rank prior to the dividends included the cover for the Sears debentures. Further, there is no refere to the fact that Freeman Hardy & Willis has the power to bor £1¼ millions to the probable detriment of the security of Sears debenture-holders. A " cover " of 5½ times indicates profits can fall by 82 per cent. before the debenture interest ce to be earned. If the net profits before debenture interes Freeman Hardy & Willis fell by 82 per cent., there would be dividends on the ordinary shares held by J. Sears & Compa If we set the total profits of the two companies against total debenture and prior charges, we find that the " cover " is 3¾ times. A further criticism arises on the balance sheet J. Sears & Company. The investment in Freeman Hardy & W Ordinary shares stands at £4,070,000, while the net assets Sears' own business, which accounted for more than half of profits, amount to £1,324,000 only. The business of these companies is largely a goodwill business, and the goodwill undoubtedly good. The arithmetic of the prospectus is not so go

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ST. MARTIN'S. The Green Bay Tree. Tu., F.

SAVOY. Jolly Roger. Wed. & Sat.

WESTMINSTER. The Lake. Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. 6404. 8.15. Wed., Fri., 2.30.
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TRAVEL, HOTELS—continued

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Southwold provides for visitors, Golf (18 holes); hard and grass Tennis Courts; Bowls; Sea Angling, or Trawling with local "Longshore" Fishermen; safe Sea Bathing; and it is a good centre for morning or afternoon motor tours through an unspoilt countryside, full of splendid village Churches and with great Castles such as Framlingham, Mettingham, Wingfield and Orford.
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LECTURES & MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

A Course of Three Lectures on "THE NEW TENDENCIES OF MODERN CONSTITUTIONS" will be given (in French), by Professor B. MIRKINE-GUETZEVITCH (Secretary-General of the International Institute of Public Law, Paris), at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2), on May 9th, 10th and 11th at 5 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Professor Sir MAURICE S. AMOS, K.B.E., M.A., K.C. (Quain Professor of Comparative Law in the University).
ADMISSION FREE. WITHOUT TICKET.
S. J. WORSLEY,
Academic Registrar.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, May 7th, at 11 a.m.
PROF. LANCELOT HOGBEN, D.Sc.
MATERIALISM AND MODERN SCIENCE.
Sunday 6.30 p.m. Concert of Chamber Music.
Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

THE ANNUAL PUBLIC MEETING of the NATIONAL ANTI-VACCINATION LEAGUE, will be held at 3 p.m., on THURSDAY, May 11th, at CAXTON HALL, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1. The League's President, Lady ISABEL MARGESSON, will take the Chair, and other speakers will include Mr. TOM GROVES, M.P., MAJOR R. F. W. AUSTIN, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., and Mr. H. G. CHANCELLOR. All interested are invited. Questions answered.
The Annual CONVERSAZIONE will take place at the same place from 7.30 to 10.30 p.m. The favourite violinist, Mr. Harold Fairhurst, will play, and other professionals will also give their services. Dr. M. BEDDOW BAYLY, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., will speak on the Foundations of Anti-Vaccination Belief. Tickets (free) can be obtained from the SECRETARY of the Nat. Anti-Vaccn. League, 25 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1. Refreshments. Collection.

A COURSE of Six Lectures on (*a*) SEX AND ITS RELATION TO STEINACH'S DISCOVERIES; (*b*) MODERN THINKERS AND THEIR ANALYSES; (*c*) MODERN PROBLEMS AND THEIR APPLICATION TO LIFE.
Commencing Monday, May 15th, at 5 p.m., at the ADVANCED HEALTH INSTITUTE, 41–43 Baker Street, W.1. Syllabus and fees payable free on application to Secretary.

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